

MACLEAN'S

CHRÉTIEN VS. MARTIN

Down but defiant, the PM turns to his Mr. Fix-It

BLUE RODEO

After nine albums, a Canadian institution goes Memphis

RULE VICTORIA

Will Ferguson falls in love with a B.C. dowager



DISAPPEARING SASKATCHEWAN

Prairie towns are dying—and taking with them a part of the country's heritage

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SMALL TOWNS, BIG VALUE

Rural communities shaped present-day Canada in fact, and much of our fiction

IN 1901, according to Canada's census, 63 per cent of Canadians lived in rural communities, 37 per cent in cities. Over a century later, 20 per cent of Canadians are country dwellers, and 80 per cent live in cities. In short, the practices and traditions that carried us through our formative years as a nation are unknown or minimal to most Canadians. And yet, our fascination with country life endures, in books and real life. As *Senior Writer Brian Bethune* noted recently in a review of new Canadian fiction: "To a remarkable extent, our stories are still rooted in that past, in smaller communities and dominant culture."

Change is inevitable, and often desirable—but we shouldn't forget our past, or overlook those who suffer as a result of it. This week, our cover story looks at disappearing rural Saskatchewan. In that province, the overall population is decreasing, from 590,257 residents in 1996 to 575,953 in the 2001 census. That's sad news in real and symbolic terms: Saskatchewan is the birthplace of modern, and no vast expanse of *prairie wheat fields* and distinctive grain elevators still, in many people, constitutes archetypal Canadians. The province has given us everyone from Gordie Howe to writers Guy Vanderhaeghe and Sharon Butala to politicians like Tommy Douglas, and media types including Pamela Wallin (Canada's newly elected rural general in New York) and Allan Fotheringham.

The decline of Saskatchewan's rural communities mirrors a nationwide phenomenon. Last week, we did a cover story on deserted outposts of Newfoundland. In Quebec, where I once covered far-flung regions as a beat, many towns are in the process of disappearing, communities in places like the province's North Shore and Gaspé coast. In Ontario, author-photographer Ron Brown has done a series of books on ghost towns across the province. A Web site (www.huntedplace.net) by

Athens writer/photographer Johanne Bachy and several associates continues online ghost towns across Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

One story is that rural families continue to have more children than city-dwellers. Along with that emphasis on family, people in small communities often have other strongly held values—among them, they really are close-knit and self-reliant, and organized religion still plays a key role in many lives. Country-dwellers are also intensely aware that nature and the weather are crucial to their lives—and not just the stuff of conversational fodder.

My wife, kids and I have been weekend residents for a couple of years in a farm community in southeastern Ontario—one that has for the most part been spared from the exodus affecting other rural areas. On Canada Day, we stepped the traffic-jammed 401 highway and drove back to Toronto through a series of towns, each with main streets lined with Canadian flags, and many with parades that featured aged war veterans, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts marching in succession. That patriotic love of country is a sentiment that otherwise seems to exist only there up and down. One gentleman among them, who frequently display the same unshakable patriotism. Rural communities played a key role in defining the nation, while largely urban-dwelling immigrants came here precisely because of Canada's qualities. Even as people in small towns struggle to keep their historic communities viable, rural Canada's greater legacy is the nation of today—and tomorrow.

Andrew Wilson-Smith

www.macleans.ca or comment on The Editor's Letter

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GOOD FOR BUSINESS™

'Congratulations on the new Maclean's. Design, typography and content are fine evolutionary steps in the life of Canada's own magazine.' —ROBERTA THOMAS

Appraising the new format

I was relieved to see the new look of Maclean's. I was on the verge of cancelling my subscription because the really old design made reading articles feel like a chore. But no longer! It's a fresh, vibrant look that reflects the growing sophistication of Canadians everywhere. Consider my subscription secure.

Robert Thibault, Toronto

Well, I love the new format and layout but I must say your print seems to get smaller and fatter over the years.

Ken Kellner, North Bay, Ont.

I guess clean open glossy articles are going to be replaced with crowded cramped narrow pages of text. I found the text to be too much like reading a thick, clanking computer magazine interface.

Leslie Holmes, Lindsay, Ont.

It was only a few months ago I wrote a column praising about how hard it was to read your fine print. Thanks for listening. Your new "revised" issue is much easier to read. And I do like the new layout.

Conn Barrett, Kitchener, Ont.

What Africa needs

As stated in "A new deal for Africa," (Canada and the World, June 24), "Africa needs to prosper—and it is now." However, it appears that advocates of the New Partnership for Africa's Development have confused the continent's need for economic stability with their own longing for corporate growth. It is questionable how market capitalism, Western laws and a trickle of foreign investment will bring about the sustained economic transformation, especially when similar "EcoAfrica" programs have yielded less-than-desirable results. What Africa needs is a shift from the global to the local. Before contact with the West, the African people led a comfortable existence. Goods that could not be produced in the home were made through a multi-



some industries that utilized native resources and aboriginal skills.

Katy Pejskovic, Sudbury, Ont.

'Wickedly suggestive'

Though Barbara Amiel's column, a wickedly suggestive self-portrait that described her recent "tussle in the air" Concorde flight, was amusing enough, her verbal foreplay about "ethnic profiling" wiped the smile right off my face ("Zero tolerance really," June 24). Amiel was too clever and too congenial to miss out the words "Muslim" or "Arab" or "coloured," but she successfully reigned in the word "barbaric," just to make sure

MANY READERS WELCOMED THE RENOVATED MACLEAN'S THAT MADE ITS DEBUT IN THE ISSUE OF JULY 1. Typically, they deemed it a better magazine, calling it fresh, refreshing and vibrant. "Like the new Internet Services," wrote Craig Gilbert of Sudbury, Ont. "The typographic change especially plays up the retro feel!" But Gilbert was less impressed by the "bold, abrasive type" used for our name on the cover. He, like so many others, felt the script logo and portrait of singer Diana Krall had the look of a women's magazine.

readers understand what kind of people she is referring to. Amiel presented an compelling reason why the strip searches and mail inspections should stop with Muslims, Arab or Sikh men. The world will become a far safer place when begun like Amiel decide to cover their most poisonous prejudice in the most modest and charitable garments of one of her party adorned "87 year-old arthritic nurse."

David Collette, Vancouver

I used to feel that Barbara Amiel, over time and due to her distant locale, had suffered a decreasing relevancy. In her latest submission, she has rediscovered her mark and her deal centre. Most of the new features introduced since 1971 are security measures that hardly enhance the safety of an everyday flight to Saskatoon. What they do accomplish, as Amiel points out, is to impede our freedom of movement and add an economic burden that provides scant returns.

John Hill, Thunder Bay, Ont.

Who's stepping down?

As a strong grassroots supporter of Conservative party Leader Joe Clark, I don't think I am overreacting with any of these strong words. Tory readers who suggest he will step down ("Departure time?" Canada, June 24). The reality is that our leader won his seat in a regional election, and that under his leadership our party won a recent by-election in Newfoundland. He is rated nationally as the most trustworthy leader in Canada. Surely this gives his leadership credibility when viewed against the scandal-ridden and corrupt Liberal government.

Peggy Merrill, Toronto

"Departure time?" contains a slight rewrite of history. Although Hugh Segal finished second behind Joe Clark in the first ballot of the 1998 leadership race, he dropped out and David Orchard, organic farmer, author and candidate of second for the Prince Edward riding in the 2000 election, was the final runner up.

Antoinette Mottet, Saskatoon

Stuck in the middle

Being a subscriber of the Canadian Affair, I am excited to see the future



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between former dancer, minister Paul Martin and Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. "Show me the money," *The Week That Was* (June 24). However, justifiably speaking, with the lack of opposition being provided by all parties, it didn't seem to make a difference on the political landscape. No matter how much this party is torn apart, internally, the right wing split will essentially kill any hope of entering down the Liberals.

Archie Ellis, St. Thomas, Ont.

Health care with heart

I read with great interest the letter written by David L. King of Burke, Va., ("Education save-off," June 24) who suggests our health care system suffers from Soviet-style central planning. As a Canadian family practitioner, I have never experienced difficulty accessing appropriate as well as excellent health care in partnership with my patients, for my patients. Canadian health care, like health care worldwide, is a mix of free market, but I believe we have an excellent system. When I consider a diagnosis in the lack of a health care system in the U.S., the most powerful and one of the wealthiest nations of the world, Canada is a Western country with an element of compassion. Some could indeed

Dr. Brooke Richter, London, Ont.

The measure of Murdoch

I was flying home recently from near the five weeks in Spain, where I had seen so Canadian papers in Canadian. While passing through the first class cabin of the Air Canada jet, I was perhaps overly happy to see the current issue of *Maclean's*, with Murdoch's picture on the cover ("Murdoch remembered," June 24). I grabbed it surprisingly. After reading the many tributes and reminiscences of family and friends, I wanted to add my own, as the belief that he would have appreciated it as much as any I saw in your magazine. I liked him enough to buy his books in hardware.

Neil Peltier, Toronto

You never gave the late Queen Mother this much risk when she died. Other Canadian writers have passed on and record a short note in *Passage*. Murdoch's picture was a writer—maybe



great to see, but not to tell. He was a cynic and a power, a my way-or-the-high-way type of person.

Paul McGarry, Ottawa, B.C.

I read when I read Emma Richter's article about her father ("Two or three things I know about you," Daniel Richter's words ("Such a great laugh and moral compass") may run as well—I felt as if I knew his father personally. Thank you for producing such a moving tribute to a gifted writer and a truly remarkable Canadian who was never afraid to speak his mind. My son is 12, attending high school. It's sure he met Daddy Krieger and I got to know Murdoch Richter, too.

Michael Tynes, Hammond, Ont.

The human face of Iraq

I was deeply touched by the human dimension as eloquently expressed by Loui Peterson in "Iraq, loved and lost" (Over to You, June 17). It is unfortunate that the anxiety that was upon the media of civilization has been so effectively downplayed by the U.S. administration and media machine. Iraqis portrayed as if the country has no flesh and blood inhabitants. Iraqis who survive the hard ship of the U.S.-UN sanctions risk being targeted in the frequent air attacks in so-called no-fly zones, permitting of a sovereign country's laws. The irony is that the very policies adopted by the U.S. since the end of the Gulf War, knowingly or otherwise, and up strengthening Saddam Hussein, presumably the intended target.

Abdullah H. Hameed, Abu Dhabi

United Arab Emirates

What a beautiful written and touching piece by Loui Peterson on her childhood in Iraq. It reminds me of the fact that not all Iraqis are war-mongers or followers of Saddam Hussein, and that they are people just like us—only sadly, not as lucky.

Isabelle Mackinnon, St. Catharines, Ont.

Donors' rights

The response to your article on assisted conception has been positively ("Anonymous births," *The Mail*, June 24, "Assisted conception," *The Mail*, June 30). Everyone seems to want to talk about the rights of the child and the difficulties for the infertile person(s). None of these concerns would exist were it not for the donation of the sperm and/or egg. Whether the donation was free or paid for, it was voluntary and need not have been given at all. Children's desire to know their histories can never be overstated as a right. The donor should be allowed anonymity and no legislation after the fact, or demand by a child, should be permitted to redefine the terms of this donation. The parents and children should just say an anonymous thank you and carry on.

Glenn C. Seale, Toronto

Funding for universities

Asst. Dearest Johnson's "The crisis in quality" (*Education*, June 18) and her other recent essays on university education are a welcome up call to Canadians. They should be on the list of required reading for parents, employers and governments. The fact is that donors are doing for our children. While health is in the headlines, quality and access are quietly draining out of undergraduate education in our universities. We urgently need to open a national dialogue on education.

Patricia Chastanet, President, Canadian Association for the Humanities and Social Sciences (CAHSS)

A tale well told

My father, Jack Fidler, one of the crew members flying with Warrant Officer Andrew Myrland on that fateful flight of June 13, 1944, is extremely pleased with the manner in which the story was presented in *Maclean's* ("Keeping alive a hero's death," *History*, June 30). Over the years this episode has remained alive in our family, not always completely accurate. It truly is a spectacular story—"The strong memory we make of" remarked a friend of mine. It is important to keep the stories of all our brave veterans alive and fresh in our minds. Thanks for telling the world about my Dad!

Barb Friday, Thunder Bay, Ont.



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MACLEANS BEHIND THE SCENES



UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITY

A nine-month gift—that's how John Gaddis, *Maclean's* Ottawa bureau chief, sees his upcoming stint at Harvard University.

"It's thrilling, but also a little daunting," says Gaddis, who joins 10 foreign and 52 American journalists for seminars and classes this September. "Going back to university at this stage of my life, I have a much better idea about what really interests me."

He's been awarded a *Norman Fellowship*, which is the oldest mid-career fellowship for journalists in the world, giving recipients a year of academic study at Harvard.

Gaddis, a graduate of both the University of Toronto and the University of Western Ontario, has covered the federal government since 1989, and continues to be fascinated by politics. He plans to focus on public policy while at Harvard.

Although politics and policy are Gaddis's core interests as a journalist, he's also written for *Maclean's* on everything from the World Trade Center aftermath (above) to fine art. He hopes his time at Harvard will give him plenty of opportunity to explore an equally eclectic mix of subjects. The *Norman* program asks that the journalists don't write professionally during the fellowship period so that they can focus on learning and exchanging ideas with their American and international colleagues.

"I'm really approaching it as a traditional sabbatical in that it will refresh my thinking and broaden my perspective," says Gaddis, who joined *Maclean's* in 1999 after 20 years with the *Financial Post*. "It's an unparalleled opportunity to have fun learning and think about stuff that I don't normally have that much time to ponder."

For further information, contact john.gaddis@maclean.ca.

NATIONAL
BESTSELLER

OLD MAN ON HIS BACK

*Portrait of a
Prairie Landscape*

text by
SHARON
BUTALA

photographs by
COURTNEY
MILNE

IN STORES NOW

"Wilderness... is
our last connection
with creation and, as
such, contains all
possibilities for life."

SHARON BUTALA

"...a treasure."

THE GLOBE AND MAIL





Politics ▶ A CRISTIANOPOLIS (COURTESY OF THE CRISTIANOPOLIS FOUNDATION) / CRISTIANOPOLIS FOUNDATION

The results of an innovative referendum in British Columbia left the government in odds with Native Canadian leaders, and the future of land-claims negotiations in question. Premier Gordon Campbell hailed the overwhelming support that voters gave to the eight negotiating positions spelled out on the ballot as a strong mandate to enter a "new era of reconciliation" with First Nations. Aboriginal leaders countered that if the government stuck to the course as approved in the referendum, there could be no settlement.

The province and Ottawa have been negotiating Aboriginal title with 53 First Nations since 1993. While support for the positions outlined in the referendum ranged from 85 to 99 per cent, only 36 per cent of eligible voters actually participated. Thousands spoiled their ballots as

Native leaders generally condemned the process. The voters lacked the notion that generic property should not be subject to negotiation, and that parks should be maintained for all British Columbians. But one position in particular, giving 87 percent approval, divides the sides. "Aboriginal self-government should have the characteristics of local government, with powers delegated from Canada and B.C." Courts have upheld Aboriginal claims to ancestral land in terms that can be interpreted as giving them more authority than municipal governments. "The bottom line," said Herb George, a spokesman for the First Nations Summit, representing the bands taking part in the negotiations, "is that if the inherent right to self-government is not at the table, neither are we."

Chief Adiaa Layton of the Hupacasli First Nation was fire to a canoe full of bullets as Aboriginal leaders rejected Campbell's referendum results.



Scorecard

▶ **Gordon Campbell:** Native treaty is broken, claims a dubious title, but delivers the B.C. voters the result he wanted. One chief calls it a misstep, but another commends him for "leveling."



▶ **Edgar Bronfman Jr.:** Selling Vindex to Vindex looked like a good deal two years ago, but the financial health of the French company's now-battered stock makes a follow-on second round for the VCO.

▶ **Ralph Goodale:** Finally, a sense of effect. Public works minister claims up to 100,000 jobs from his program. Jean Charest must be stopped—what's not to say?

▶ **Paul Martin:** Speaking of Charest's remarks, big turnout for the leader's speech, but could he be a leader? "Democratic deficit" is a crowd-pleaser.

▶ **Wendie O'Brien:** Calgary Stampede's legendary rodeo boss is not in the best of health. Approached into the "Western Show on Earth" for the last time. Still, the Stampede's brand is strong in the West.

HARRISON FORD

LIAM NEESON

FATE HAS FOUND ITS HERO K19 THE WIDOWMAKER

HARRISON FORD stars in the new action thriller K19: THE WIDOWMAKER. LIAM NEESON, JASON PATRIC, and the rest of the cast. K19: THE WIDOWMAKER is a new action thriller from the producers of the hit movie THE FUGITIVE. K19: THE WIDOWMAKER is a new action thriller from the producers of the hit movie THE FUGITIVE. K19: THE WIDOWMAKER is a new action thriller from the producers of the hit movie THE FUGITIVE.

JULY 19

WIDEWORLD

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Security | Shooting at L.A. airport mars July 4 festivities

The Israeli government swiftly branded it a terrorist attack, but U.S. officials wouldn't commit themselves as they investigated a shooting rampage that took three lives at Los Angeles International Airport. Americans were celebrating Independence Day on July 4 amid heightened, post-9/11 security when a man armed with two handguns opened fire at the E1 AI ticket counter, killing two travelers—a 46-year-old man and a 35-year-old female airline employee—before an E1 AI security officer shot him dead. Two security guards, and a 36-year-old Canadian woman shot in the foot, sustained injuries. The FBI identified the gunman as a 36-year-old driver, Joshua Mohamed Nadeyrt, 41, an Egyptian national who had been in the U.S. for 18 years and was previously unknown to the agency.

To Israel's transportation minister Ephraim Sneh, the circumstances left no doubt as to the nature of the attack. "You know when a gunman opens fire on E1 AI passengers at an international airport, we have to assume that it's a terrorist attack," said Sneh. Only the prompt, professional reaction of the two E1 AI security guards prevented more deaths, he said.

While Americans celebrated their holiday as usual with picnics and fireworks, police were on the alert following FBI warnings about terrorist threats. New freeway barricades pulled up to Washington and southbound lanes of traffic near the Statue of Liberty and other landmarks. "More than ever in the histories of most Americans, the flag stands for a truly universal country," said George W. Bush as he pressed to keep pursuing the war on terrorism.

Horrer in the skies

The Russian town of Ufa was in mourning after a violent crash between a Boeing 757 cargo jet and a Tupolev TU-154 jet left 71 crew and passengers—most of them Ufa schoolchildren headed for a holiday in Spain—dead. The collision took place over southern Germany but in Swiss-controlled airspace by week's end minimal investigations had been launched into the actions of the Swiss air controller, who apparently warned the Russian plane to descend in order to avoid a collision a mere 44 seconds before the crash.

Quebecers butt out

Quebec has long been known as a smoking province, but new statistics indicate that more and more residents are quitting. According to Statistics Canada, Quebec now has the third-lowest smoking rate in the country, after decades of being in the top spot. Manitobans smoke the most—nearly 26 per cent of the population. British Columbia is the most tobacco-free, followed by Ontario. In Quebec, increases in cigarette taxes and an anti-smoking law regarded as one of the most comprehensive in Canada have led to the decrease.

Goodale pulls the plug

In an attempt to quash some of the controversy surrounding federal government contracts, Public Works Minister Ralph Goodale pulled out of deals with nine advertising firms. Three of the companies—Groupworse Marketing, Communications Cofin and Lefleur Communication Marketing—are already under investigation by the RCMP over allegations of improper federal contracts. The Liberals have awarded \$78 million in commissions and production costs since 1997 to all agencies under a sponsorship program to help fund sporting and cultural events, with a large percentage of that money going to a group of Montreal-based firms who are major contributors to the Liberal party. Goodale also announced that Ottawa will no longer use ad agencies as middlemen.

Easing the curfew

Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon lifted daytime curfews in four West Bank towns, permitting a further easing of restrictions of the reason full-scale attacks continue. Israeli tanks and troops occupied the town June 19 after a series of suicide bombings in Jerusalem killed 26 Israelis. The curfew remained in place in three other areas, and Israel wanted that in the four towns the military will reimpose the strict curfew, which allowed Palestinians to leave their homes for three hours every third day. If analysis not awaited.

Safe landing

U.S. investment tycoon Steve Fossum landed his helicopter filled with 100 pounds of explosives in Australia last week, ending a 14-day fight and becoming the first person to let camouflage the globe down in a balloon. The successful journey followed Fossum's five earlier failed attempts and several crashes, including one in 1996 in a Hampton, N.B., cow pasture.

Obstructing justice

Peter Gill, who had an office with flamboyant jester Orlan Goss, was sentenced to five years and 30 months in jail for obstructing justice. Gill, accused with five others of first-degree murder in 1995 by a jury on which Goss sat, "perjured a deliberate and persistent attack upon one of society's most fundamental democratic



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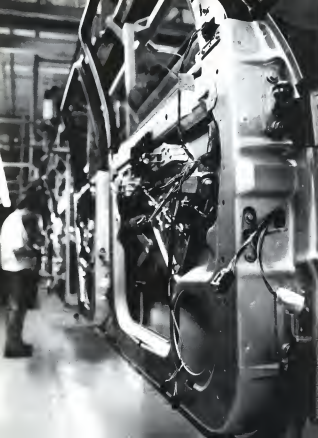
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THP

testimony," said Justice Barry Davies of the B.C. Supreme Court. The affair between the accused ransacker and his prior sponsor a stab of irony had a scorching sound the world. During their encounters, Gill protested his innocence and suggested two of his co-accused were guilty. Crown prosecution have announced that Gill will not face a new murder trial.

5% bilateral violation

Pakistan authorities are investigating the case of a teenage girl kidnapped by a village tribal council to be gang-raped after her 11-year-old brother was seen walking unaccompanied with a girl from a higher-status tribe. The teen was raped by five men and then had to return home naked. Sheikh Iftikhar Ahmed, Pakistan's senior Supreme Court judge, called the rape "a blatant violation of human rights." Some members of the tribal council have since been arrested, and at work and police were searching for the rapists.

AIDS unbridled

The United Nations, in its first long-range report on AIDS, warned that the disease will kill 60 million people worldwide in the

War on Terror

Reports of friendly fire casualties once again dogged U.S. military efforts in Afghanistan, Afghan officials and witnesses said that as many as 48 people died in a wedding last week and 4 others were injured when U.S. warplanes attacked villages in the northwest. Officials of Kandahar U.S. officials were unable to confirm or deny the reports pending an investigation, but said the crew of an AC-130 Spectre gunship had attacked targets on the ground in the belief it was under fire from anti-aircraft weapons. Survivors speculated the U.S. plane had fired celebratory gunfire by the wedding party for hostile action. Afghan Foreign Minister Abdulhalik Abdullahi warned that civilian casualties from U.S. operations were undermining his government's credibility with its own people.

Last week's accident was reminiscent of events on April 17, when a U.S. pilot dropped a 225-lb bomb on Canadians conducting nighttime live-fire exercises near Kandahar, killing four and injuring eight Canadian and U.S. investigators blamed the pilot. Ma-

for two decades of this century unless countries take aggressive measures to curb its deadly spread. The report was released in advance of this week's international AIDS conference in Barcelona.

What next?

San-Marie Medical, the CEO of WorldCom USA, announced of having a sleepless night over unity into a giant media conglomerate. He spent 1000 hours hating, conspiring, including acquiring the stock, but could never come out the prison together. As WorldCom's financial health deteriorated, its stock price is down by more than 70 per cent and its heavy debt reduced to junk status—the bond finally sold. Directors, including representatives of the Enron/Envy, Ford Motor last week. The latest business turmoil came on the heels of one of the largest disasters in financial history. It's more than \$100 billion in assets. It has misappropriated \$38.8 billion in expenses. The U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission had found charges against the company while the Justice Department opened a criminal case. WorldCom's shares are now worth just pennies, down from the 1999 peak of \$64.50.

Passages

Parade Wilkins, 49, one of Canada's most respected journalists, has a new job at Canada's crown general in New York City. The former CTV and CBC broadcaster, a native of Western, Sask., recently underwent successful treatment for colonal cancer. She assumes the post immediately.



► Singer-songwriter Joni Mitchell was among 99 Canadians named to the Order of Canada by Governor General Adrienne Clarkson. Also named were Saturday Night Live producer Lorne Michaels, singer Brian Auger O'Brian, journalist and author Richard Gwyn and feminist author Doris Anderson. Archivist Frank Gehry, now a naturalized U.S. citizen, was named as Honorary Companion.

Ray Brown was 19 when he joined Dixie Gillespie's burgeoning bebop band. The Pittsburgh-born bass player went on to play with Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Ella Fitzgerald, whom he married in 1947, and Oscar Peterson. Brown, 75, died in Indianapolis on July 2. The 23rd annual Montreux Jazz Festival, which ended on July 7, was dedicated to him.



Servicing the demand after a natural attack

Harry Schmidt of the Wisconsin National Guard, saying he had not followed procedures for confirming the presence of hostile forces. The U.S. Air Force said it was considering disciplinary measures against Schmidt and others in the chain of command whose actions may have been contributory factors.

¹ Former Ottawa Rough Rider quarterback J. C. Watts, the only black Republican in the U.S. Congress, announced he will not run for re-election in the fall. Watts, 44, from Buffalo, Okla., starred in the CFL from 1961 to 1966. He was first elected to Congress in 1966.

Known as the Splendid Splinter, Ted Williams was one of the greatest hitters in baseball. The Boston Red Sox center fielder was the last man to hit .400, which he did in 1941. Williams was 33, and died in Florida of heart failure.



Cities |

Calling Toronto "Hogwren" last week would have been an insult to pigs. Canada's largest city struggled through the second week of a garbage strike after negotiations with 6,800 outside workers failed on June 26, largely over the issue of job security. Almost immediately, trash started piling up, even as the city endured a heat wave that sent temperatures soaring to the mid-30s, and increased the stench from the rotting refuse. Designated drop-off points were available, but pickup lines at those locations created waits of up to three hours.

Some people began dumping their garbage at unsanctioned sites.

The situation became so bad that one downtown street was closed to traffic because it was buried deep in trash. And to add to the chaos, 15,000 made workers joined the picket lines last week in what became the largest municipal strike in Canadian history and resulted in the closure of, among other things, daycare centers and schools. Both the city and the unions representing the workers seemed prepared for a long standoff.

Garbage piling up along Spadina Avenue, one of the busiest downtown thoroughfares.

The province could force the strikers back to work, but that would require a rare emergency session. And speaking of emergencies—in 1998, Mayor Mel Lastman called in the Canadian Forces to help deal with a snowstorm. Last week some frustrated residents were joking—and only partly in jest—whether the time might not be, well, ripe for another such call.

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THE PM TURNS TO MR. FIX-IT

Chrétien's troops seemed to be sitting on their hands. Enter John Rae.

FOR ABOUT A MONTH AFTER Paul Martin ended Jean Chrétien's cabinet on June 2, the Prime Minister's team did not seem to know quite what to do. Martin and his operatives moved briskly into battle mode, as he hit the road for early summer campaign-style swings through Ontario, British Columbia and Alberta, but Chrétien's inner circle appeared unable to accept the fact that they were suddenly in a war for control of the Liberal party, one that would have to be waged the old-fashioned way—riding by riding, member by member. Instead of going forward, they obsessed about party membership restrictions they say favour Martin, even suggesting Chrétien might

invoke obscure powers to change the rules. Some fumed privately about the way the Martin side has conducted its political fundraising over the years, as if they were pursuing their hopes on somehow invalidating the former finance minister's indispensible popularity.

Then, last week, the top of cartoonists that had developed the Chrétien dog thing. The Prime Minister's Canada Day performance needed the change in tone. He treated the throng in Parliament Hill to a bit of old-style politeness, complete with a patriotic speech and, despite aggressive heat, a 45 minute pro-bush walkabout. Over the next few days, Chrétien's loyalists began sounding as

weak-kneed as their boss had looked on July 1. No more bitter muttering about those contentious membership rules or dark hints about winning Martin's resignation. Instead, the Prime Minister's camp started talking about getting organized. Their new message: Liberals fleeing with the idea of voting against their own leader, a sitting prime minister, would be made to remember that loyalty is the indispensible ingredient in the party's "winning tradition."

As important as the message was the man now putting it out: John Rae. A long time executive of Montreal's Power Corp., and even longer a trusted adviser to Chrétien, he comes doled in the arms

that cling to bedroom figures who have proven they know how to win. Rae, now 56, held the top position as Chrétien's successful 1996 run for the party leadership, and the three majority election victories that followed. In the age of ages, he doesn't—unless it's absolutely necessary. (His campaign motto, much repeated, if not adhered to, in Liberal circles "In defeat say little, in victory say even less.") So when Rae started talking to the media last week about how the Prime Minister would win next February's leadership renewal, there was no mistaking the signal that the Chrétien machine was being reassembled.

Not that the cartoon general was blabbing about the coming campaign in revealing detail. "It will be very locally based, very broadly based," was all he would say about strategy to *Maclean's*. "It will be very oriented to getting across the simple message of supporting the winning Liberal tradition." That tradition, loyalty to the leader. But it's hardly an untested dog doctrine. After all, Chrétien's forces worked in the 1980s to push out John Turner. The decision they made three days later: Turner lost two elections, in 1984 and 1988, and Chrétien has won the following three. In other words, the real winning tradition of loyalty holds down standing with winners.

The renewed themes of loyalty and victory are posters in party politics. Martin's side counters by repeating the words "retreat" and "future" as often as possible. And rarely has the time for a change theme—this barely political, personal-one packaged with so little evident risk. After all, Martin is nearly as familiar to Canadians as Chrétien, and leads the Prime Minister in voter preference surveys. Among decided Liberal voters, an Ipsos-Reid poll last month found 66 per cent would choose Martin as leader, compared to just 31 per cent for Chrétien. (The rest said they would choose neither or were undecided.) And those strong Martin numbers were manifest in big, enthusiastic crowds at his named French Columbia and Alberta last week, and southwestern Ontario the week before.

The elaborate energy surrounding Martin's road show has to be worrying for Chrétien. In London, Ont., Chris Campbell, manager of The Corps, a venerable bar, said that when Martin stopped by with his entourage for beer, the



On their tried to dump Turner in the 1980s.

response among patrons compared to a recent appearance by Joan Watson, the local hockey hero who plays centre for the Detroit Red Wings. "Martin definitely has star quality," observed Campbell. "Customers shook his hand it was exactly the same kind of buzz as when Joan came in right after winning the Stanley Cup."

Even Martin's most ardent supporters don't make up that sort of stuff. In fact, they are trying hard not to sound strong these days. When asked, though, they claim, with credibility, the support of more MPs and many more riding presidents than the Prime Minister. And while Rae and other seasoned Chrétien campaigners are only now re-entering the fray, Martin's core group has been steadily working toward another leadership bid since they lost the last one in 1990. While there is no official hierarchy, Martinists agree that David Hertz, 60, has emerged as the key organizer—effectively Rae's opposite number. Originally from Saskatchewan, Hertz has been linked to Martin since the early 1980s, from well

before Martin's first entry into politics in the 1988 election. He is a consultant with Baruch Strategic Group, an Ottawa lobbying and communications consulting firm as democracy populated by Martin backers that it is viewed as the firm team for his eventual Prime Minister's Office.

The crowd from Baruch's deep they are campaigning to

beat Chrétien in the leadership renewal. Technically, that's accurate: they hope he will announce he is bowing out before it comes to that. The renewal, two-stage review process would begin in the late fall, with Liberals casting ballots at the constituency level. The Prime Minister must be pushed out that vote and another among delegates to the February convention. "February is a long time away," said one top Martin organizer. "A lot of Liberals hope it doesn't happen. It's quite possible Chrétien will just decide before does he wants to leave."

Such a decision would be a matter of arithmetic. For all Rae's talk of urging centrist Liberals to stick with a winner, signing up fresh members may prove more useful than trying to win back old ones. The machine granting up to some Chrétien boasts a formidable contingent of organizers tapped into the South Asian community, often a rich source of mass membership sign-ups. Martin strategists also promote waves of new recruits. "A tremendous number of people are interested in getting behind Paul," said one. "At the constituency level, there's going to be a lot of activity this summer."

Someday in the fall, Chrétien will have to decide if the recruitment side is running his way. Rae will have his tally, and Hertz will have his. If the numbers are close, the review process will go ahead—almost certainly driving Liberals to be sure that this summer of organizing drives will be remembered, by comparison, in a period of placid harmony in the governing party.

Paul Martin has been drawing enthusiastic crowds everywhere he goes. But the Chrétien camp is stressing loyalty and the PM's proven track record as a winner.



DISAPPEARING SASKATCHEWAN

As farmers abandon their land, they're taking small-town life with them

THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN something inspiring about Saskatchewan's wide-open vistas. The rural landscape was not just a setting, but a palpable presence in one of the best-known and most beloved of Canadian books, W.O. Mitchell's *Who Has Seen the Wind*. The 1947 novel evoked both the beauty and the harshness of the prairies, as well as the uncertainties roll-

ing the seemingly calm surface of small-town life. In themes and images became part of Canada's common iconography.

But the sort of world that Mitchell, who was born in Weyburn, described so well is fast disappearing. The most recent census figures show Saskatchewan's population was 979,000 in 2000—a decline of 1.1 per cent since 1996. In the same period,

according to Statistics Canada, the areas surrounding Saskatoon and Regina grew, by 15 and 10 per cent respectively. But only a trickle left the city core for the outlying suburbs. Those who left, deserted rural Saskatchewan. In droves.

Not that the land is lying fallow. But thanks to a host of factors, the average size of the province's farms has grown larger,

Farming can be a lonely life (top left); the outliners at work (top right); churches were among the first prairie buildings.

while the numbers of those working in agriculture has shrunk. Now one farm family may well have several once did. This in turn has had a ripple effect on the towns and villages that supported them.

In 1990, rural municipalities accounted for 20 per cent of Saskatchewan's population; by decade's end, they were 15 per cent. Their makeup is changing, too. In 1990, 11 per cent of those living in rural municipalities were over 65, today 16 per cent are seniors.

Members, of course, seldom part of the story. Meanwhile (page 40 and detailing)

is typical of many rural towns and villages in the province grappling with changing demographics. By August 2006, a church that had served the community in south-western Saskatchewan for decades was closed off all its activities. Freeland writer Mary Nemeth, former Calgary bureau chief at *Maclean's*, has been following the village's decline. Her report follows.



IN 1995, Jeff Marshall performed what can only be described as an act of faith: he opened Jeff's Farm Supply in tiny Mendham, Sask. It became one of just a handful of businesses operating in the village that once housed a bowling alley, a pool hall, five service stations, a lumberyard, a car dealership, three churches and three grocery stores. Marshall's place, which sells everything from bottled water to tractor tires, has also become a local gathering spot. The only other businesses still open in Mendham are a tavern and post office in what used to be the curling rink, an auto wrecker operating out of an old school, and a credit union. Two elevators still stand like sentinels on the village's east side, although tracks haul most of the grain—the railway rarely sends cars any more. Nevertheless, Marshall, 51, who previously worked for a farm equipment dealership in neighbouring Lestock, had long insisted that small communities like Mendham can be saved—that opening a business in town can help give it a future. "I still feel that way," he says. "But as the farm

movement since farmers sold Jeff's Farm Supply for paints, coffee—and gossip. Marshall went against the odds when he opened the store in the tiny village three years ago.

economy keeps getting worse, I'm beginning to have a little doubting in my faith."

It is indeed difficult to remain a true believer. Most mornings, farmers gather for coffee in Marshall's shop under the glass gaze of three deer trophies and an antelope mounted on the wall. At one typical coffee row, none of the men and they expected their children to go into agriculture. "I've got two boys and they're both in the oil patch in Alberta," offered Larry Richoff, 54. And even though Marshall's

farm supply business draws customers from a 50-km radius, he has recently taken on machanic's work to supplement his income. "I believe that people around here want to see the village survive," he says. "And yet, what are you going to do? There's no work for the young people." Signs of the farm economy's lost power to hold people close to the land are visible all around. Mendham's population of 40 is less than one fifth of its 1961 peak of 231. Houses now stand empty. Many of the little bungalows have been hacked away, many more were demolished—including nine in the past year alone.

The crisis eventually forced even St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, which had served the community for 47 years, to close its doors and auction off everything inside—all the altars and the bells and the candle holders, even the bowls and pews to rubens from the church's bell downstairs. Anne Dietrich, who played the organ at



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Clockwise from left: massive concrete grain terminals are replacing the older wooden elevators—they're more efficient, and, locals hope, offer insurance against the rail line closing down; old farmsteads lie in abandoned heaps across the province; Swift Current's Imperial Hotel is a drop in the local tide; even, everything is up for grabs at a farm auction; some traditions never die, selling home-baked goods at the market; at Rosthern, a little cash, and a day out



ained they are to stay the course when they opened the River Ridge Golf Club in 1998. Just north of town where the landfill dips down toward the South Saskatchewan River, there are now nine watercourse funnels snaking their way across the silver-yellow prairie grassland. The golfers raised money and sold shares to come up with more than \$400,000, then borrowed a further \$170,000 from the credit union. Lots of volunteer labour and borrowed equipment also helped to keep costs down. Club president Ray Hawkins says they still occasionally organize "work bees" to do things like across the greens. Part of the drive to build the course was the realization that residents who travelled as far as Swift Current or Medicine Hat, Alta., to golf on weekends might be annoyed to spend their cash at home. And, says Hawkins, the course has already helped persuade several families who would have moved to Alberta or British Columbia to retire to remain in Leduc. When he retires, Hawkins adds, "I, for one, will be staying."

Still, it was the terminal that was clearly



the most significant economic coup for the area. In the mid-1990s, when grain companies were starting to build inland terminals, communities scrambled to be the site of the next big facility. As part of an agreement with the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, nearly 600 acres near and

Old tractors await harvesting of their parts.

farm and business leaders from the region raised over \$2 million to ensure they'd be one of the lucky ones. As a result, the Swiftlift terminal opened near the rail ends about four kilometres east of

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS OFTEN LEADS TO ALBERTA

IF PEOPLE ARE Saskatchewan's greatest export, Alberta is the largest resource. This is particularly true in Calgary, where even a former major hauls from the province north to "Calgary welcomes people," says Al Dorn, a one-time city planner who left Saskatoon in 1976 "if you came with good ideas and are willing to work to make things happen, you're embraced here." So many have answered that call that there's even a thriving Saskatoon-based town club in Calgary. And whether they like it or not, rejected, or rejected to help allowed the Alberta juggernaut, many club members tell a similar story: they had to make the move.

Saskatoon native Jack McNeill left soon after graduating from the University of Saskatchewan 12 years ago. "The opportunities for me seemed to be in real estate or water softeners, neither of which had any appeal," he recalls. So she picked up her car and drove to Calgary, right across the line. She landed a job in just a few weeks. Today, McNeill, 34, is an associate with the Development Group, which provides fundraising services for non-profit organizations.

Growing up in Moose Jaw, Sask., John

McCaig never dreamt he too would end up in Calgary, but today he is chairman of Trincor Corp., one of the largest trucking companies in North America. He estimates that in Saskatchewan, Trincor would need to win one out of every two or three contracts to prosper. "In Alberta," says 73-year-old McCaig, "Trincor can win five or six contracts and still grow."

Since it became a province in 1905, Saskatchewan's business have been closely linked to agriculture. These days, the sector is hard hit, battling drought, low grain prices and international trade subsidies. In contrast, Alberta's oil and gas industry is booming, as are its manufacturing sectors. "Oil was a little harder in Alberta when he distributed the natural resources," notes Marvin Ramenow, CEO of Wescon Inc., one of the largest oil and gas companies in Canada.

Borenstein, who is originally from Canada, Sask., notes the province may have an even bigger problem. "It is difficult," he explains, "to have a big commercial presence without relying on government." Former federal, Sask., native Doug Baldwin, retired president and CEO of TransCanada Pipelines Ltd., adds that lower taxes would encourage more

investment in Saskatchewan. But Edson Liekefemich, Saskatchewan's minister of industry and resources, claims the ex-pat's views are out of date. The province, he says, has made dramatic cuts to both corporate and personal taxes. For instance, the tax rate on manufacturing and processing can be as low as 30 per cent, down from 17 per cent in 1952—and lower than Alberta's current rate of 13 per cent. Meanwhile, an average family will pay only \$50 more for taxes and utilities in 2002 than their counterparts in Alberta. In 1993 the difference was \$1,362. "The perception that Saskatchewan is a high-tax province to do business in," says Liekefemich, "flies in the face of reality."

Whether they believe Saskatchewan's outlook has changed, many of those who left nevertheless credit their current success to the fact they once called the province home. "None of us grew up with a feeling of entitlement," says Charlie Fischer, Nexon's Saskatoon-born president and CEO. "We didn't start with an advantage. Everything we gained we earned ourselves and we're not afraid to chase opportunities." It's Saskatchewan's marketplace that they saw their opportunities in Alberta.

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Leader. The huge grey concrete structure can load 56 grain cars at a time (compared to five to 10 at an old wooden elevator), making it, some locals hope, their insurance against the rail line closing down (employing about a dozen people, the terminal provides local farmers a nearby place to haul their grain). Jina Charnetko, 46, who was chairman of the board when it opened, says Leader, to a, has benefited. "It tends to bring more traffic to the communities around the terminal."

Charnetko farms 1,450 hectares, mostly durum wheat and pulse crops like peas, northeast of the terminal. In his grandfather's day, that same acreage supported eight families. Golf course and grain terminal aside, even Leader has suffered the consequences of such population loss. In July 2001, the bright yellow-and-orange Pioneer grain elevator closed down. The wooden structure was built right in town and paid local taxes—unlike the Southfork terminal whose taxes go to the Rural Municipality of Happyland. Tax hits are never welcome, even less so when there are new projects requiring funds. Following the May 2000, tainted water scandal in Wellston, Ont., in which seven people were killed and hundreds made ill, Saskatchewan took a look at its own water treatment facilities. It issued both water advisories to dozens of communities where the facilities did not meet requirements—even if the water was not contaminated—and their systems could be upgraded. In Leader, Bosby says the town is considering selling debentures to raise as much as the estimated \$150,000 needed to build a reservoir to bring its treatment facility up to standard. The federal and provincial governments will bear the other two-thirds of the cost.

Bosby never planned to get involved in local politics. She left Leader right after high school in 1971, and "I had no intentions of moving back." But after she and her husband, Bill, had two boys, they left Calgary and moved home in 1978. "It's no much easier raising your kids here than in the city," Bosby said. "It's just a whole better way of life." But everyone has to get involved to make the community work, she adds. Besides its water treatment troubles, the town has been trying to recruit a second full-time doctor and one of the schools will close in the 2003/2004 school

year. "I think we're still struggling," Bosby concedes. But she is optimistic that economists will boost the town's economy. And the few centenniers of rain that fell in June will help area farmers, which will be good for the town, too. "We seem to be always holding our own," she concludes. "It's not as bad as some communities."

IT'S NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE to make communities work, no matter how hard people try. Residents of Mendham looked up a fan when first the high school and later the elementary school were slated for closure. They lost both buildings and the schools were shuttered by 1987. "The town went backwards after that," says church organist Dietrich. Teachers moved away. Students were shipped off to Leader or Bernall, 25 km southwest of Mendham. Eventually, many of their families moved, too. Then in April, 1997, the hotel, the village's meeting place, burned down.

Not even gas fields in the outlying area have done much for Mendham. They've spawned four gas plants, but the accompanying jobs have largely benefited Bernall, the town closer to the fields. Randy Schneider, the manager of the Mendham-Bernall Credit Union, says natural gas would have to be discovered even closer to Mendham to turn the village's fortunes around. "Other than that, I don't see Mendham growing," he adds.

The St. Anthony's auction marked yet another step in Mendham's downward spiral. It drew nearly 300 people, including many former townsmen who remembered about dances and bonfires and about how competitive Mendham's baseball teams used to be. They talked about all the businesses that once operated in the village. Some, like Irene Stork, who with her husband, John, closed their hardware store in 1999 and moved to Medicine Hat, returned to buy mugs of their history. In fierce bidding, she paid \$480 for the crane bells her husband and then her son used to ring in their boys. "I tried to use *avera go*," she lamented. Dietrich paid just \$70 for the old organ. "I think people missed it was building and felt sorry for me," she says. People felt sorry for Mendham, too. For now, villagers are clinging to their sunny patch of prairie. But if Mendham eventually dies, there won't even be a place to hold the funeral.

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A LACK OF TRUST

The cascade of corporate scandals has intensified malaise in the markets and unease among execs

A STRANGE PARADOX has hit the head-hunting business, or, as headhunters prefer to call it, executive search. It's become much easier than a couple of years ago to find good people who are interested in a position, says Elan Prater, head of the Canadian operation of Korn/Ferry International, one of the world's largest search firms. Potential execs are even prepared to turn less money—and they aren't so arrogant, Prater adds with a sigh, "they're very hard to land."

The problem is confidence—or a dearth of it. Executives who a couple of years ago were taking "cautious risks with their careers and their businesses are now being superbly cautious on both sides," Prater says. The candidates and the companies are each conducting extensive interviews and reference checks about the other. There is huge concern about the ability of companies to sustain themselves over the long haul. "It's a lack of confidence in our overall business market and in the economy," Prater says.

That malaise, reflected in the rumbling stock markets, halts the economic dance. Day after day, the number crunchers from *Business Canada* and the banks' economics departments send out glowing reports: "Canadian growth exceeds expectations," "U.S. recovery is alive and well"—where executives fidget that in the business world it's not just on Bay Street—Main Street has been given pause, too. Partly because of Sept. 11, partly because of the peeped-tech bubble, and partly because of the scandals, the mood has shifted from confidence to uncertainty and outright dismay.

"This isn't a bid," says Kenneth Tonn, chairman and CEO of GPC International, Canada's largest public affairs and communications company. Three-quarters of Canadians surveyed in February believed an Enron-like scandal could happen in Canada, a GPC poll found. A more recent GPC sounding, in June, found continuing, widespread distrust. A quarter of Cana-



dians put little or no trust in the financial statements of public companies. They don't trust their financial media, it's been a long time since they trusted politicians. "We've lost a sense of innocence," Tonn says. "We've lost a sense of security in a lot of the systems that used to protect us. We're just not sure where that protection is going to come from next."

The scandals, breaking fast and furious, are only exacerbating an already bad situation. For months, Enron Corp. and its now-convicted auditor, Arthur Andersen LLP, dominated the headlines. But as recent weeks, a veritable cascade of companies has admitted to fudgy bookkeeping. One

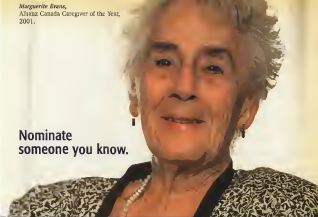
after the other, major corporations have *volunteered* into this dubious stage of suspect performance: Adelphia Communications Corp., Tjox International Ltd., InClore Systems Inc., WorldCom Inc.—even Xerox Corp., that apparently solid company of such stature that its corporate identity became a verb and an adjective. Joan Marie Messier, last week pushed out by the board from the CEO post of media giant Vivendi Universal SA, is the latest to join the parade of possible rogues. All told, the loss in market value of these corporations is a mind-boggling \$450 billion. No wonder people feel daunted.

So far, the current whirlwind of scandals hasn't reached down in Canada. Some say Canadian accounting standards, which are based on principles, provide better protection against misreported numbers than the rules-based system in the United States. But anecdotes are short. From the K Mart Inc. Ltd. to IBM Magnetics International Inc., Canada has had its share of business scandals. Garth Dinsbury, the over-dad founder of Lincolx Inc., is a "wanted fugitive" of the U.S. justice system, facing 16 indictments from the district attorney in New York City for allegedly cooking backlogs and inflating earnings reports. The U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission has also filed accounting fraud charges against him.

Five months ago, Terry Hagglen resigned as chief financial officer of Stratopon, Ont.-based North Networks Corp., after it was discovered he'd traded Nortel's stock outside the window permitted for corporate insiders. The story hasn't blown up into one of scandalous proportions—even though Hagglen admitted to a reporter that he'd made a "human mistake in judgment" and the Ontario Securities Commission is investigating. But no replacement for Hagglen has yet been hired.

Nortel already had a tough time finding a CEO in international search to replace John Roth, who decided to cash in his options and depart when the market turned sour, didn't succeed in placing a replacement in the corner office. Instead, Frank Dume, who at the time was CFO, was affirmed the job. He appears to be the first not to turn a down-Dume is now doing double duty, as CEO and as acting CFO. Given the current climate, he may be there for some time to come.

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CRIME IN THE SUITES

Beyond 'WorldCon,' here are the real reasons the markets are tanking

THE KAMANASKIS GO together was the first to have three kinds of beans on the poutine commentary. The local grizzlies and black beans were given credit (along with \$300 million rise of taxpayer money) for keeping the poutines away from the digests. But the big bean that got splashy coverage was the Wall Street variety. When the announcement of the "WorldCon" accounting fraud roiled the stock market, briefly sending major U.S. indices to lower levels than Diana Air had managed, President Bush was put on the defensive. He naturally went on the offensive, promising punishment for practitioners of crime in the suites.

By the weekend, the chattering classes were buzzing that the seemingly endless supply of corporate scandals had put capitalism at bay. The rogues' gallery of putative destroyers included Enron's Ken Lay, Global Crossing's Gary Winnick, Tyco's Dennis Kozlowski, WorldCom's Bernie Ebbers and, in the interests of gender equality, Martha Stewart. (Including her in that list for a mere US\$27,000 of alleged insider trading was, of course, ridiculous, but it surely helped get the public's attention focused on the message that Enron was out of control.)

Can capitalists survive the crooks?

Milton Friedman, the economist who has done more than all the rest to lay the theoretical groundwork for the capitalist revolution launched by Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, is not apologetic. He has long believed that "the main problem of capitalism is capitalism, the main problem of socialism is socialism." Speaking in San Francisco in the midst of the breathless, he recalled the theoretical look that made the explosion of capacity possible. He said there never was a tech-driven "New Economy." It has now, "We've had a new economy for 200 years."

And the buying for blood, that wisdom got little press coverage. For every state that investors have lost more than \$3 bil-

lion in the tech meltdown, and ascribe it to accounting fraud and embezzlement.

The truth is both more and less complicated. The total stock market losses from Enron, WorldCom, Global Crossing and Tyco are less than the market value decline from the fall of just Qwest, JDS Uniphase, Nortel and EMC Corp. all supposed "New Economy" firms. Nasdaq's collapse didn't come from fraud. It came from a mania based on a series of widely promoted fallacies.

First, that corporate profits could grow many times faster than the economy at large. (They never have and never will.)

Second, that lavish stock option programs truly aligned management's interests with those of the stockholders at large. (They never have and never will.)

Third, that the cost of those programs should not be included in the companies' reported earnings (even when, as in the year 2000, the profits earned by investors through options far exceeded the total profits of the technology industry worldwide, leaving less than nothing for the makers in the investing public).

Fourth, that a relentlessly competitive industry with almost no sustainable barriers to entry should be valued with price-earnings ratios far above the rest of the stock market. (The only major tech and telecom firm that has shown it is a true growth company is Microsoft, because it is a monopoly.)

Fifth, that the existence of a "New Economy" justified the development of new valuation systems ("Aggressive

accounting" became fashionable and managements were applauded for their ability to "push the envelope," we now know that the really new components of the "New Economy" were the accounting.)

Sixth, that stable, established telephone monopolies could be transformed into "New Economy" firms based on stock options, buzzwords and hype. (Think, if you can bear the pain, of BCE, Telus, France Telecom, Deutsche Telekom.)

Seventh, that regulating dividends with stock buybacks was automatically in the stockholders' interests. (Not if top management's personal stock options benefit from those programs. Warren Buffett, a long-time fan of stock buybacks, is also a long-time foe of stock options.)

On that point, it is worth recalling that nearly long-held belief that companies should pay out most of their earnings in dividends, letting investors make personal decisions as to the reinvestment of those funds. Letting companies keep too much cash "in the corporate moolah jar" constitutes, he argued, too much temptation.

That insight was ridiculed during the mania. Companies overinvested in new plants, new equipment, and putting their names on new open markets. They bought back billions of dollars of their companies' shares to offset the dilution from exercise of management's stock options. The price paid for those shares seems ludicrous now, but so many ludicrous that the theory that justified those "investments" in the first place. Puzzle questions: name one major company with a stock option program whose stock buybacks since 1998 have proved more beneficial for investors than paying those money out as dividends.

Yes, there has been fraud, and yes, the accountants have looked the other way. Yes, we need to send the crooks to jail. But most of the damage wasn't done by fraud, but by folly.

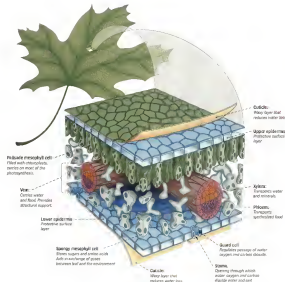
What capitalists must now demonstrate is that it is truly a performance-based system: the people in Silicon Valley and Wall Street who claimed that Monday morning should be third—a very low bar for fraud, and very many for foolishness.

Milton would approve.

Donald Cook is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jones Howard Investments. His e-mails appear every week. dcook@maclean.ca

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MORE BLUE, LESS RODEO

One of Canada's most enduring pop bands lushes up its sound

JIM CUDDY HEARS THE MUSIC. I see the grays swirl! Standing in the open doorway amid the stacks of cardboard boxes and equipment cases, he slips his palm together and cradles his head for the echo that stretches then shoves us. His face breaks into that same wide, dewy grin he wears on stage every night. "If you go to the Motown studios in Detroit, they have a hole cut in the ceiling, all the way up to the roof," he says. "Clap your hands and you get that sound, the same one

that's on all those Marvin-Gaye and Stevie Wonder records. This is our version."

The room continues. There's the closet with the great reverb. The back room with the flea market couch, the coffee maker and just the right ambience for vocals. The warm and cluttered main recording space, padded in wickered boards salvaged from an old Ontario barn, to ceiling draped with those colourful sheets of Euse Indian fabric that collage loopy pins to their down walls in the centre of the room,

Greg Keeler is twiddling with the buttons and knobs of a mixing board that's about the same size and vintage as a Creedlin. After a few seconds, the studio is filled with the hard-driving Memphis soul and for string arrangements of Blue Rodeo's latest record.

There's a thin line between lush and bloated, pushing your listen and being self-indulgent. Cuddy and Keeler, the double helix of one of Canada's most enduring and successful pop acts, are well aware of the



danger. What once took five days in July has taken more than five months at Blue Rodeo's new studio just off Toronto's Danforth Avenue. Freed from the financial imperatives of rented recording time, they've been busy tinkering with the formula that propelled them for almost 20 years, and 10 albums. "Wherever we were with the last studio record [2000's *The Days In Between*], we were done with this," says Cuddy, who has settled into another old sofa, sandaled feet propped up on a coffee table that's littered with empty water bottles, a Visa gold card and two big chunks of

hash, to listen to the playback. "We needed to stretch something we weren't certain we could accomplish." Keeler, in the band uniform of jeans and a pearl-button shirt, balances on a wicker kitchen chair, jiggling

Keeler and Cuddy (left) have added strings, horns and a gentleman helping of soul music.

his legs in time with his own guitar work. "We've gone looking for stuff," he details. "Having your own studio gives you time to go into the centre of what's going on."

The 14 new tracks, seven by Cuddy, seven by Keeler—constant rules? They joke—are still being mixed, the back ground vocals and dual overdubs not yet added, but the 10-piece string section and four-part horn section have come and gone. And though it's not a radical Tim-Bonino-sings-heavy-metal-type departure, the sound has changed. The Star records that Cuddy and Keeler have been interesting to listen to are in there. So is the big band "comeback era" Elton, and even a little of

Phil Spector's famous wall. The six-band members are pleased with the results, but there's no hiding Cuddy and Keeler's apprehension. Fans and critics aren't always kind to late-career experiments, and "strange" is a word that often goes with "typical." It's a big deal for us, an orchestrated record," Cuddy says of the as yet untitled disc, due out in mid-September. The ever-present smile momentarily fades. "We were really worried that we'd—trap."

IT'S ONE of those nights that reminds you living by a lake isn't always pleasant. Windy, damp and chillingly cold, more like mid-October than mid-June. More than 14,000 people are huddled in the Molson Amphitheatre on Toronto's water-



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front, waiting for Blue Rodeo to take the stage. The big, lit spring bonneted show is a tradition for the band—they've been doing it, in one form or another, for over a decade. The crowd is a mix of soccer moms, young couples, parents with baby strollers and aging Queen Street hipsters reliving their glory days. Foxy to the front of Kiefer and Caddy's long partnership is what they all have in common.

In the studio, Kiefer, who is fast approaching his 40th birthday, was joking about how things have changed since the band's 1986 debut, *Outburst*: "I go to the gas station and the guy that cleans the windows says, 'Hey, you're the guy from Blue Rodeo!' My folks really like your music!" He laughs. Caddy, who's a boy-n-46, chimes in: "The fans are getting old, but they're still good-looking, that's all that matters."

To tell the truth, Blue Rodeo has never had much to appeal. Their blend of country, rock and pop, which arrives almost every radio format but has no natural home, has remained constant through the years. It is evolving public tastes that have transferred the band from alternative darlings to GeiCan favorites, between star status almost by stealth. Today, Blue Rodeo is one of those rare bands whose songs you know even if you don't own a second beatable pennyworth of the kind of heartfelt music that keeps you company on long drives or trips out of cottage windows on summer nights. Huge in Canada, virtually unknown elsewhere. Content with the way it's all turned out.

"In the States we play bars the size of [Toronto's] Horseshoe or the Rivoli, and we can pretty much sell them out now. And that's really good for us," Kiefer starts earnestly, making off into laughter at the realization of how low an acoustic guitarist that is for a band that will probably sell at least 100,000 copies of the new record here at home. "I guess if you don't own second estate anymore. Only a certain type of music makes it in America—that high gloss corporate rock and so on, classical here." This fall and winter, Blue Rodeo will tour the same way it always has, playing the big clubs and the smaller venues where most bands can't even be bothered to stop the bus. "We really have played everywhere," says Caddy, "and damn it, I



We needed to adapt to something we weren't certain we could accomplish

think that has a very positive effect on people." He puts on a Down East accent. "You come to the States? You come to my town," he shouts. "That's what they remember. They sort of feel comfortable because there's not much of a accent between them and us."

There is a particularly friendly and laid-back atmosphere in evidence this cold, late night. When Kiefer steps into the spotlight just after 9 p.m., to open the set with an acoustic version of *Home*, a track off his 1997 solo album, he's wearing the same red and black and green plaid cover jacket as when he arrived. From his jeans, near Peterborough, Ont., earlier in the afternoon. There's a single smoke machine to add the requisite rock n' roll touch, but the only real accompaniment on stage is a violin Persian carpet, borrowed from the studio.

The string and horn players quietly take their place for the fourth song, the first of the eight new tracks the band will debut this night. The last received is Walk Like You Don't Mind, a soul number with a driving beat. Bassist Iliad Donovon and drummer Glenn MacIver power along as Caddy croons, his face upturned, mouth never gliding shut over the words and lyrics. Kiefer hits the guitar solo like a door attacking a mogul's rim, bent together, mouth wide open, body bent into the force of the attack. The horns swing, the strings sting, until the song ends with a crashing crescendo. The crowd responds with lively cheers. Caddy and Kiefer exchange grin across

the stage. Still, gradually enough, it all piles inside the stuporful addition for four-star Blue Tey, *Diamond Mine* and *Heart Hit Me*—songs the band recorded a decade ago.

In the curly corners of their studio, we're talked about where all of this is heading. Blue Rodeo has already released a "Greatest Hits" package. Most of the band members have side and solo projects. There have been plenty of allusions in the past to creative tension between the ebullient Caddy and his more mercurial partner. In *Stage Door*, one of the new songs, Kiefer raises the question himself: "Down the alley and through the stage door, sometimes I wonder, just what I what I do it for?" he, where does it end? "I think it will be pretty obvious," says Kiefer. "You know, people are still buying the records, people are still going to the shows, we're still enjoying it." Both say life is possible more than enough experiences and emotions to capture in song. "I think we go into this musical style because it offered us choices," says Caddy. "It's a long consider, you can walk along it for a long time."

As the lights dim after the final encore, an extended, rambling jam of *Love Together*, the cheers and applause break over the stage in waves, rising and falling as the musicians in they take their leave. Swearing and waving, the members of Blue Rodeo walk back into the haps and handshakes of family and friends. Caddy is pinning like a maniac. Kiefer is practically giddy. Maybe there are a couple more crowd pleasers on the new album. Maybe it can all go on forever.

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WHY MARTIN CAN'T LOSE

The Liberals always go for an outsider—such as a former finance minister

THE OFFICIAL DECLARATION by Paul Martin that he intends to run for Canada's top political job made us the season's leading men news event. Much more fascinating is the unexpected circumstance of the Governing Party's leadership contest, which has cast the former finance minister as an unusual winner. History dictates it.

Unlike the Tories, who choose leaders by drawing straws, with the loser taking on that usually political burden, the Liberals follow strict precedent. The seven diverse individuals who assumed command of the Governing Party during the 20th century and beyond, were picked according to two basic rules. The first was that the party would recognize our own cultural roots by alternating between French and English leaders—from Laurier to King to St. Laurent to Pearson to Trudeau to Turner to Chrétien.

The second rule, which is much more obscure but equally unbreakable, is that no matter which party venues most clearly deserves a shot at the top spot, the Liberals always go for an outsider. That's political acumen of the highest order. Instead of having to defend his predecessor's corruption, pastimes and other forms of shakiness, the freshly-minted leader can instantly protest, "Hey, I wasn't part of that. Old Gang. This is me, a new guy with new ideas."

Simplified of course. But it works. Using the tactic of recruiting capable and politically sound outsiders, the Liberals have governed Canada for 76 of the past 106 years. The pattern began with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His main opponent was William Stewart Fielding, a former Nova Scotia premier who was so irritated by his province's precarious economy that he vowed to lead its citizens out of Confederation. But after losing two elections on that platform, the issue needed Fielding last supper. *Then* he was premier to become minister of Finance in Laurier's cabinet in 1896 after the Liberals swept

out the federal Tories. It was Fielding who negotiated the fiscal reciprocity treaty with Washington that cost Laurier the 1911 election. Picking then left Ottawa to become editor of Montreal's *Daily Star*, but remained so active in Liberal politics that he was considered Laurier's natural successor.

Instead, the 1919 leadership convention chose King, who was considered a Liberal party insider. While King had been a Liberal backbencher 10 years earlier, he left politics to become a labor organizer, acting mainly for the Rockefeller family in the U.S. By 1921, King led the Liberals into office and served as prime minister for most of the next three decades.

Just came time for King to join his spiritual ancestors, Defence Minister Brooke Claxton and Finance minister Doug Abbott were regarded as the best of the party regulars who deserved the gold ring. Instead, King had recruited Louis St. Laurent, an obscure Quebec City corporate lawyer into the party, first naming him justice minister, then secretary of state for external affairs. Ignoring his loyal lieutenants, King announced the 1948 leadership convention to choose St. Laurent's victory 10 years later, although Paul Martin, St. was the party insider's obvious candidate, the party went for Louis St. Laurent, a political neophyte who had been a leading public advocate, recruited by St. Laurent to fill his former external affairs post.

The transition that followed supported

the outsider theory with a vengeance. In 1948, when Pearson felt ready to retire, eight members of his cabinet rose to succeed him. The most serious contender was Robert Winters, the handsome diplomat-entrepreneur who looked like a coloring-book executive and had served with distinction in the St. Laurent cabinet, then gone on to become one of Canada's most powerful corporate bigwigs before returning to Ottawa as trade minister. The problem was that not only would his leadership damage the English-French situation, but the Liberals were determined to choose a more exciting leader. Ignoring Winters and the half dozen other party warhorses vying for the crown, the party faithful chose the ultimate outsider Pierre Elliott Trudeau, a Montreal academic-artist who only a few years before had been a devoted member of the NDP, and had violently attacked the Pearson government's defence policy.

The next leadership choice was a little trickier and not as effective, but followed the same rules. By June, 1984, Jean Chrétien had been a loyal Liberal for more than 28 years, serving effectively in half a dozen portfolios. But he didn't fit the pattern. Like Winters, his successor to Trudeau would have broken the French-English pattern, and worse, he was too much of an insider. Luckily for his opponent, John Turner ran both of the qualifying events. He had served in the Liberal party as long as Chrétien in equally senior portfolios. But in 1976 he had not only resigned from the Trudeau cabinet and turned himself into an outsider by practicing law on Bay Street and deliberately staying away from party involvement. The Turner membership lasted only 79 days, but at least it maintained the pattern.

Chrétien's succession in 1990 occurred almost scarifically. He had become an outsider after resigning from the Commons in 1986, following Turner into the chambers of Bay Street where he became a successful legal adviser and corporate director.

By firing his Finance minister earlier this month, Chrétien achieved the impossible: he instantly turned Paul Martin into an outsider, and thus the next leader of the Liberal Party of Canada.

Peter C. Newman's column appears monthly. pnewman@mediacircle.ca

Unlike the Tories, who choose leaders by drawing straws, with the loser taking on that political burden, the Liberals follow strict precedent



RULE VICTORIA

So what if some of it's fake? That's part of the charm.

IT TOOK ME three tries to find the dead guy I was looking for: the Honourable David Higgins, speaker of the B.C. Legislature from 1899 to 1898. Higgins died in 1917, long after having left office, and it was only when they were to hang up his official portrait that they discovered there was none. So they took a photograph of his corpse instead, propped up with the eyes pried open.

Urban legend or historical quirk? I had heard tales of the Dead Speaker, but in three consecutive visits to Victoria, I had never been able to locate the portrait. It was only when I assailed a doorman of the talc of May Brown, a Victoria writer and sometime condescender, that I had success. May arranged for a tour guide to take me through a parliamentary side door and down a corridor. "The portrait is not in a public area at this time," said the guide. "We're rearranging things."

And there sat Mr. Higgins, his pupils dilated, his mouth slack. Was he really dead? I examined the photograph with a Quercy-like determination. Higgins certainly looked dead, but his hand was leaning forward slightly and his fingers were curled around the arm of the chair. Could any corpse, no matter how carefully arranged, keep its own head up? And would anyone taking a photo of a dead man have the presence of mind to add a wig to the figure?

"Perhaps they had him embalmed," said May cheerfully in any other city in Canada, such a suggestion would have seemed grotesque.

Victoria, B.C., a colonial outpost at the edge of a mainland Pacific island, is as far away from Britain as you can go and still be in Canada. Mariposa abound; you can pluck them from the branches at your leisure. My fingers (soused from the embalmed Victorian giant propped up for posterity) in the perforated daisies tucked around the main doors of the Royal

British Columbia Museum. Some are the real trade of real dinosaurs, cut from the rock and carefully preserved.

I am in love with Victoria. And as with any infatuation worthy of the name, it is as much an act of selective delusion as it is of affection. I love the illusion of Victoria. I experience the city through layers of warm gauze, which both soften the edges and fill them, part embrace and part suffocation. Even as you fight your way through one layer, another entanglement-like curtain catches the sunlight, rendering the world in a muted pastel glow.

Sunlight fills Victoria's inner harbour. It has the colour of cognac, the scent of black and worn leather. Sailboats lift off, leaving watery V's in their wake. Nearby, tourists move in slow motion. Bakers, bachelors, shy men and spry young artists work the crowd. A flurry of jugglers, flitting with fire, dance applause and spare change from the sidewalk.

Those are genuine natives selling Grouse Native wares, and I tell about the Native headdress, the Native necklace and the (John) Grouse Native wares. One of the most popular items is the downy catches, Ojima in origin and the hair a continent and several language groups away, but who's counting? Victoria adds a new bag from October.

In Victoria, even the humble and thrice in legend, even the festivities are doctored. A local cowboy brags, "Good time. Charles's got the blues." But in Victoria, the blues—the very idea of the blues—is more an attraction than an

emotion. Surely the danger in Victoria is nostalgia, not depression.

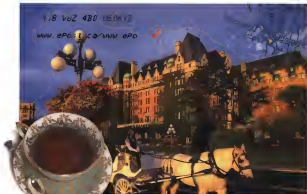
Above us, looking down upon the harbour, are those two great architectural slabs: the Empress Hotel and the provincial Parliament Buildings. Tourism and government, the two key elements without which Victoria would cease to exist.

The veneered Empress is Victoria's grand dowager and its archetypal embodiment. Entering the Empress lobby, with its cold warmth of marble and polished floors, is like entering a BBC costume drama. "Anyone for scones and clotted cream?"

At a right angle to the Empress are the Parliament Buildings, a stately army of green copper domes and grand superfluous stairways. True, the side windows have four stained-glass slabs embedded within them. "Great efforts come from industry and perseverance," "The strata of prosperity is temperance." And yet, there is a lightness even here, and at night the Parliament Buildings all but disappear. Disposed with prism dome stage lights, the buildings are reduced to a shimmering connect-the-dots orb.

Spacious little Ocaza (splendid with out domes) has the provincial motto might very well have been penned to capture the enduring timelessness of Victoria itself. This is a city caught in a perpetual twilight. It is a city of layers, in the way that lacquer has layers.

THREE STAIRS stood on guard near the harbour, and between them they tell a story. In front of the Parliament Buildings stands Queen Victoria herself, crown on head, sceptre in hand. Further down, a second soldier wields a bayonet and rifle. Facing the Empress Hotel, and completing the trio, is Captain Cook, clutching his scroll of nautical charts. There you have it: The crown, the map and the gun: the three pillars of Empire. Exploration, military



might and royal assent so much of Canada's colonial past is contained in these three stories. They hark back to a time when imperialism was not a dirty word. While the rest of the country's cruel struggle with the seasons of postmodernism, Victoria, snug in its flannel comforter, has yet to move into post-colonialism.

And colonialism, to be truly effective, must at some point become self-affixed. Case in point: Victoria's colonial clock.

I first heard about this clock from Ross Crockett, the former editor of *Monday Magazine*, Victoria's arts-and-activism weekly. Having listened to me gush about Victoria, touting our words like "langsat" and "Mezcalatitlan," even as I blithely ignored the cragging queues of teenage parkhenders begging for spare change along Douglas Street—having heard me describe his city in semi-archaic terms one too many times, Ross took me to see "the clock."

It hangs under a shelf, heretically angled, showing itself that in faded behind the facades of older buildings

(This parlour trick of hiding modern downtown shopping centres behind a veneer of history is a particularly Canadian talent. Calgary has done it, so has Charlottetown and Halifax and Saint John.) "The fact that the clock is in a mall is even more appropriate," says Ross with a half-smile.

Suspended from the highest ceiling, the clock is a hefty bronze cube of polished imperial sentiments. "Wasteland the Cause of Empire Goes South" reads the message emblazoned across it. The clock also tells us the time in London, Singapore, London, Zanzibar and Kowloon, which is very strange. Why would shoppers need to know what time it is in London? Or Singapore? Or London, for that matter?

Victoria. It's not a city, it's a cargo cult, awaiting the return of its long dead queen, lighting candles, waiting for the sun of Empire to rise again.

Ah, but this clock is a historic artifact, no? An heirloom of the city's past. Except that it isn't. Victoria's colonial clock, with its Kipling-esque references to Zanzibar and Kowloon, wasn't built in 1890. It was built in 1999.

If you're British, it's Mock British. "It represents the Disneyfication of Victoria," says Crockett. "A sort of half-sold attempt at preserving the trappings of Empire, while catering to American expectations of quaintness. It won't put up to honour the past, it was just up to find the tourism." In Victoria, Ross says, the past has been commodified. "And it's not even the real past—but an invented one."

There it, he assures me, another Victoria, one that is very different from the officially packaged version. "On the weekends, loggers and other workers blow two rows with money to burn. It's far from quiet." There is also, apparently, a writhing underbelly in Victoria, one of those swishy peepers, peepers in slacks, drug-fueled jazz, sadomasochistic sex clubs and weed-smoking lesbian vegans.

Down below, this darker, less-refined side of Victoria actually predates the twee traditions of midday Victoria, after all, began as a frontier fur-trading outpost and first boomed during the gold rush of 1858, when it became the jumping-off point for prospectors heading into the interior. The scene was overcast with

rough-knuckled, uncouth American marines. Saloons and brothels sprang up like mushrooms in a dark cult, and the streets of Vietnam became thick with motorcycles, neon-disco wells and road.

PROFIT

RE*passion*

rough-knuckled, uncouth American marines. Saloons and brothels sprang up like mushrooms in a dark cult, and the streets of Vietnam became thick with motorcycles, neon-disco wells and road.

Remnants of this less-than-savory past are not hard to find: just take a walk through Chinatown, once home to Victoria's infamous—and very profitable—opium dens. This is the oldest Chinatown in Canada, and one of the smallest; it is contained in a few square blocks of rectified balconies and porches.

But appearances are deceiving, and this is a neighbourhood of rather like diamond stons. An entire network of hidden lanes and adjoining passageways leads from building to building in the shadowy world of gambling stons and opium, any number of exits and escape routes might be conjured up. Wooden doors could be swung aside, iron gates would slide into place. A door might open onto the next building, a westerner's wall might offer unmarked access to a back alley. Poker ruz into Victoria's Christmas were exercises in futility, somewhat akin to trying to ston a diamond.

(Far from being banned, the opium trade was taxed and tolerated by governments of the day. The police made more money by chasing tax dodgers and unlicensed dealers rather than shut down the consumption of sin.)

Fan Tan Alley, one of the narrowest commercial streets in North America, was once the heart of the Chinatown gambling world. Today, it is home to small shops offering T-shirts and trinkets and rare LP collectibles. Hidden down an old Chinese

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And you wonder, if the police stored in, whether the walls of Chinatown ring in field in on themselves even now, hiding their secrets as easily as a shopping mall might hide behind city facades.

THE EMPRESS HOTEL, grande dame of Victoria, was built upon swampy ground. The Sorcerer called the area Whiskeyhole. The sorcerer also built the beautiful, grandest

The main pool, a brick-lined, steel-reinforced pool that was damaged and drained by CPB engineers.

The *Empress* stands on inevitable stilts, an entire forest of Douglas fir, the trunks stripped down and driven into the swamp as pilings, through the sludge and the effluence of a soap factory's runoff, down through the muck and the muck, to the hardpan below. The *Empress* sits on a bedrock of imperial certainties, part hotel and part palanquin, carried on the standard-bearers of a national forest.

In the largest Hall, they say, there was a room that had no exit. Whether this was an architectural oversight or an intentional death trap is unknown, but if you stand outside the main lobby and look up, toward the left corner, you will see a line of thin windows. Legend has it that two of these windows once looked into a room with only a door. Undisturbed for more than 70 years, that room became an unmentioned life capsule. It is said a workman once peeped in from the rooftop and saw pillows and blankets, awaiting guests who never came.

There are other ghosts. Other reminders. A collection of totem poles, artfully arranged at Thunderford Park, is tucked in behind the museum and across from the Krasso.

The hotel I am staying in (not the Empress) is situated on Laurel Point. It sits on an Indian burial ground. Life-sized carvings representing great warriors and warriors, erected by the Songhai Nation, once stood guard over the dead at Laurel Point. But the burial sheds and the carvings are gone now, and a hotel with a wonderful breakfast buffet stands there instead.

The history of Victoria is the transmutation of burial shed into loud lobby. The city has been blessed to a mausoleum, a "graveyard of ambition," but it is more subtle than that. The entrance of Victoria is a denial of mortality; an imperial past has been invigorated and enshrined, the clock has been stopped. The layers of shellac and lacquer do not cover the casket, they are the casket. *Solander Street* George

Will Ferguson's debut novel, *Happarus!™*, was shortlisted for the Commonwealth Prize (Canada & Caribbean) and won the Canadian Authors' Association Award for Fiction and the Leacock Medal for Humour. It has now been sold in 20 countries and 15 languages.

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WANTED: MORE TV DRAMA

The CRTC's new boss says broadcasters aren't showing enough Canadian series

CHARLES DAILEY is a valuable man, and that's official. When the federal government wanted to reconstitute its chairman of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, he successfully negotiated nearly double the normal salary for the post, raising the bar to a maximum of \$370,000 from \$195,300. Not surprising, perhaps, since his last job was as a communications lawyer for the top-line Bay Street law firm Torys. There he advised many of the companies the CRTC regulates in radio, television, cable TV, satellite, and phone services. Again, not surprising: Dailey was a CRTC vice chairman from 1976 to 1980, before going private. Since becoming chairman in January, Dailey, 59, has made few public appearances. In Toronto, he met with *Maclean's* editors to talk about his ideas.

Can you give us an overview of what we can expect in the age of Dailey?

My aim is to focus on certain values primarily, rather than certain policy areas. I hold them down to three, essentially integrity, quality and civility. Integrity, in both our processes and our products. The people who appear before us should feel they've had a hearing, and the best way to do that is to show them, in as many decisions as possible, that their arguments have been heard. Quality means thoroughness, our own sense and a high level of reasoning in our decisions and policies. And civility means not being disagreeable, even when we disagree, both internally and externally.

I guess I'm pretty comfortable with the mandates that are set out for us, and the two acts that we implement: the Broadcasting Act and the Telecommunications Act. If there are points of emphasis under those that I would like to see more merit in, they are respectively more Canadian drama in the broadcasting system, and sustainable competition in telecommunications, and indeed in all of the areas that we regulate.



Talking drama, how do you hope to accomplish that goal?

When you go over the 10 most popular television series in most developed countries, you'll find that a good number of the top 10 are by and about the people who are watching TV, whether it's Australia, the U.K., France, Germany, Quebec. When you come to English Canada, the number is zero. That strikes you. That's a dramatic series, including series.

In Australia, five out of the top seven shows are homegrown. Like us, they speak English of a kind. What they don't have is proximity to the United States, and the overwhelming Hollywood publicist machine we have that pressures stars, shows and attitudes. So we're more tightly locked in English Canadian with the American sensibilities, while perhaps they are a little more remote, but it still doesn't

explain why five out of seven should be Australian drama, and zero out of 10 should be Canadian here.

Why is it important to you that there be indigenous drama production?

I think that drama, more than any other form of broadcasting—and series drama is particular—allows you to identify with and relate to an identity that you're trying to forge. And as an identity creator, it's not playing a strong role right now.

CBC president Robert Bellavance recently noted to us that if it costs \$3 million to produce an hour-long drama in the U.S., a Canadian broadcaster can buy it for about \$600,000. Producing a Canadian program might cost you about \$4 million for the same hour, and it will pull less ad revenue. So won't you automatically find yourself in a log-



'I HAD BEEN CALLED'

A linguist works to improve the lives of thousands

AFTER LIVING AMONG the people of India's remote Andha Valley for the last 32 years, Uwe Gansföter has become one of their own. Whether carrying pots of water, or leading animals, locals stop to shake hands whenever he goes, bowing in his direction with the palms of their hands pressed solemnly together. Slightly embarrassed, the stocky 64-year-old Canadian, whom they consider to be their father—"the one in charge"—plants his palms together and bows in return.

The people's reverence has been earned. This unassuming man with mottled grey-and-white hair and denim-blue eyes has helped improve the lives of thousands—one hand-to-learn word and one red-tipped stick at a time. Gansföter, a linguist, moved from Toronto with his wife Elke and five-month-old son Andrew in 1969 to Hattiguda, a village in a poverty-ridden valley in the state of Andhra Pradesh in

southeastern India. The Gansföters' goal: to work with the 250,000 members of the Adwasi Oriya tribe in creating a written version of their language—which for thousands of years had only been spoken—and then teaching the people to use it.

Gansföter's knowledge of agriculture is also helping to turn the parched valley into a fertile farm belt. No wonder



Gansföter had created a written version of the Adwasi Oriya tribe's spoken language.

Gansföter, who returned to Calgary in April due to his wife's illness last year, is revered by so many people across the valley. "If Mr. Gansföter did not come, I would not be able to earn this money and would not have this job," says Paapi Ranganath, 33, who found work in a bookbinder after he learned to read. "He is equal to God."

That is uncomfortable territory. Gansföter, a devout Lutheran, also traffics in the word of God. After the Adwasi Oriya learn to read, the newly literate tribesmen can also study parts of the New Testament, which Gansföter has translated into their language. But promoting Christianity in a region dominated by Hinduism can be dangerous. In 1999, Australian missionary Graham Staines and his two sons were burned alive in their jeep in the state of Orissa, just north of Andhra Pradesh, by Hindu fundamentalists who objected to his attempts to convert Hindus to Christianity.

A few days after the Staines' death, Gansföter was summoned to the local police precinct, where authorities opened

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an "extra file" on his work. Gustafson says the police visit was just a matter of protocol and since he is not a missionary, a term he feels only creates trouble for his development work. To ensure his safety, Gustafson usually declines invitations to speak at churches and holds Sunday service at home with his family.

He's wise to keep a low profile. Acharya Ganga Mishra, a senior vice president of the Global Hindu Association in New Delhi, says he has no problem with Gustafson helping in areas such as agriculture. But he strongly rejects efforts to convert Indians, which he says creates family disputes and in turn causes wider problems. "We have come across many Christian missionaries doing good social work," he says. "However, in the garb of social service, there should be no conversion activity going on."

GUSTAFSON GREW UP as a member of the Lutheran Church in Wilmot, a small city not far from where the Soviet-controlled East Berlin. When his mother, Anneliese, died of cancer in 1947, he found solace in the Scriptures. The Communist regime stifled all religion, but determined to follow his beliefs, he said goodbye to his father, Hans, in 1955 and set out by train for West Berlin. "I was afraid," he recalls, "but I was looking forward to the future." He earned a diploma in horticulture and by 1959 had saved enough money to migrate to Canada. A year later he arrived in Moose Jaw, where he worked as a produce manager in a greenhouse.

It was in Moose Jaw, while reading the Bible one night, that he says God tapped him on the shoulder. "The room filled with a very clear, bright light," he says. "I knew I had been called to service." A year later he was back in Europe, this time to study the Scriptures at the Biblechule Barmen in Switzerland. It was there that he met Eike Redde, also a German, who had moved to Toronto. They returned to North America to study linguistics at the University of North Dakota together, and in 1964 they married and settled in Toronto. But Gustafson had always had an interest in India, and in 1969, with a group of Canadian churches sponsoring them, they set out.

The dirt roads were full of potholes, the monsoon rains when the couple arrived in Pithoragad. Their tiny house had a mud floor, and no electricity, toilet or running water. Most of the people in the valley followed an ancient faith. Deeply superstitious, they believe ghosts wandering at night will possess the souls of the living. Hundreds of cancer villagers were seen passing through the Gustafsons' door. The men, dressed in their lungis, the equivalent of a kilt, and the women, with strings of orange flowers in their hair, carefully examined common items like screws and kitchen utensils.



His knowledge of agriculture is also helping to turn the valley into a more fertile farm belt.

Whenever the villagers pointed to an object and talked, the Gustafsons started taking notes. "It was fascinating at first because we couldn't understand them," Gustafson says. "But the only way we could learn the language was from their lips." The couple persevered and soon accumulated thousands of three-by-five-inch cards with words and phrases written on them. By the early 1980s, the Gustafsons' work had achieved results. "People were able to write letters to each other, and we published a newsletter with articles they had written," he says. Gustafson recalls how Ram, an Adveite man in his early 15s, opened after understanding his own language in written form for the first time. "But!" Ram yelled. "My people will be able to read that!"

To teach the new written language, the Gustafsons traveled locally to instruct night classes in more than 100 villages across the sprawling valley. Instructions have to traverse hills, mountains and forests on foot

to get to their students. The Gustafsons often had to re-create such trips themselves. "We always had initial guides with us," he recalls. "If you were in a group, the bears and tigers would not attack."

Today, the Adveite Orthodoxy numbers more than 30,000 words and phrases. But the Gustafsons brought more than literacy to the valley. The region was once covered in lush jungle, but was deforested by the tribesmen. In 1987, the Canadian International Development Agency, which had helped fund the literacy project, also agreed to finance agricultural development in the valley. Soon the Adveite Orthodoxy were using pickaxes and crowbars to break open the soil-hard and Gustafson also organized the Christians into a co-op, from which his son moved into banking, chicken farming and honey production. In March the co-op began marketing 1,000 small farm in 10 different villages across the region to grow organic coffee, beans. "What has always been inhibited since the tribal people at that you are ignorant," says Gustafson. "Brainwashing, and telling them, 'You can do it, it will be worked.'"

But Gustafson wants to leave more than just a material legacy behind. "We want the people to come out of their desperate poverty," he says. "But we would like them to come to know God." To that end, local Indian missionaries now come to his home, leaving with translations of the Scriptures. But even if many people in the valley never convert to Christianity, Gustafson says that seeing them read in their own language is reward enough. ■

lynx. We blond anglers tried to convince them we were exotic Americans. From Cleveland, perhaps.

We were the cohort, it seemed, for whom sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll were truly invented. The Beatles and some arrived during the same school semester. I know people just one year older, 1951-ers, who could be of an entirely different generation. They don't even know what Bob Dylan's real name is. Former U.S. President Bill Clinton is in his mid-50s. I believe him when he says he never married.

In the Age of Rob, a true classicization, like the Victorian Era or the Age of Reason? Perhaps. They too, had their internal contradictions. Antisocialists, yes, by their nature, arbitrary assassins for reflection and talking up. Still, this one does have its defining, overarching truth revelation, the actual revolution (from the evolution of sex on TV) the golden sword of genetics, the establishment of a broad counter-nature, the new (and fall) of the cross nature, and the domestic difference.

National television took off in earnest in 1952, moving along just hit a peak that has not been surpassed, and the Rt Hon. Vincent Massey was born and soon of the business establishment, because the first Canadian-born Governor General. All these things may be oddly entwined.

Just a year earlier, Massey landed in the final upshot of the Royal Commission on the one that bears his name. Its legacy would be the Canada Council, the National Library, some might say even CBC Television, which at the time (and now) was facing fierce opposition from private competitors. The intellectual underpinning, for decades of anti-length federal support for the arts, the Massey report was an elegant and somewhat unexpected mix of the old elitist and an almost giddy enthusiasm for the hardy-gandy of mass entertainment. (In this, it was probably not unlike the Internet contagion that enabled the brains of letter-day business types.) It dared to suggest that Canada might create its own galaxy of eastern coast stars.

And why not? This was the age, until the advent of the Internet and the multi-channel universe, of the mass market, an age, I cringe to admit, defined by constant novelty and advertising. Politics was becoming instantiated by image, with ever-



For the Mas who wears Success easily

A Buick reflected one's station in life

drinking moments of public discourse.

Norman Vincent Peale published his bestseller, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, in 1952. Labor-saving devices were all the rage. Still, as if you could callphones that one turn on the doo condensing. Cars were built to reflect one's station in life, the back manager might own a Buick, his underlings could aim no higher than Pontiac. Today we have the equal and opposite reaction to all this spontaneity: substances that are decidedly ritual in their nature, credit cards arriving at the door as junk mail, and teenagers who drive BMWs to high school.

Canada was a much different place 50 years ago. Roads were being built, dams, too, after the initial confusion of the immediate post-war years. Montreal was the biggest and most cosmopolitan of Canadian cities. Father figures ruled. Dwight Eisenhower was the White House in 1953. Louis St. Laurent was easily ensconced in Ottawa. But trade in the old alignment was starting to show. On the West Coast, W.A.G. Bennett's support Social Credit party did an office-completing the Western empire. At first point, the three most western provinces were in the hands of populist, conservative, experiment-minded, anti-Ottawa governments: two Socialists and the NDP in Saskatchewan. Together they helped prepare the ground for prairie Tony John Diefenbaker's electoral assault five years later, in special effect for the West.

The world, too, was being transformed. European colonialism collapsed with McCarthyism. Old colonies and alliances brewed up in the aftermath of the Second

World War. In east Africa, the Mau Mau attack terror in the hearts of colonial overlords. The French would soon give up on Vietnam, the Americans inhabited that may burden. In 1952, Britain became the first country to explode an atomic bomb.

Some date the start of the Cold War to the launch of Sputnik in 1957, that more elegant argument could make that it really begins with the Helsinki Olympics in 1952, when the Soviets returned to international sporting events with a vengeance after a long absence, screaming Eastern bloc athletes in a separate Olympic village alongside a Soviet rival base. As close a line in the sand as you might care to draw.

Canadians didn't survive the Age of Rob. Neither did OPEC as a concept, nor the industrial West. Other women fill the seas on the left side of the moon. My fiancé, his father and other men on the right. Everyday, nearly 100 people, in dressed in white, the women in long-sleeved, wide-length dresses, which cover long underwear reaching to the ankles and wrists. We wear reds drawn back from our faces. The men are in trousers, long-sleeved shirts and ties, also covering long underwear. They wear caps gathered with elastic. Everyone carries a cloth pocket of mass temple clothes.

I am here, in Cardston, Alta., for my seasonal undergrowth to that I can be soiled—meant—for time and all eternity to my fiancé. I have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—the Mormons—for a year, the required time before I can go through this ceremony. I am 19.

A white-robed man sitting the part of Elisha, or God, stands at the front. He reminds us that we have been anointed the man, to be "priests" in the kingdom of God; the women, to be "priestesses" unto our husbands. He goes behind a curtain and a play comes where Elisha, Jehovah [Jesus] and Michael (the Archangel) act out the Mormon version of the first chapter of Genesis. Michael becomes Adam, and Eve is created from his rib. The canon. All the actors are dressed in white. Elisha says if anyone wants to leave, I do, but I am too afraid. Besides, how can I get up and leave with all these people watching me? I weep silently, tears running down my face. "Oh, you are so priv-



THE CONVERT'S TALE

How can I get up and leave with all these people watching me? I weep. Silently.

WE ARE in the Creation Room. It is early September, 1964, and my fiancé of seven hours sits under my feet, cradling down my neck under my long, white-blond hair. The walls are lined with beautiful paintings from the early 1900s, when this side of another curtain door Elisha forbids Adam and Eve to eat the fruit from the tree of knowledge of good and evil, then leaves. A dark-skinned Satan enters and convulses Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. After the familiar story plays out, Adam promises to obey all of God's commandments. Eve promises to obey Adam as he obeys God. We stand and repeat the law of obedience as if each of us were Adam or Eve.

Adam tells us to remember our new temple names. I was given my new name, Edna, before the seven began. My husband will use it on the morning of the First Resurrection to call me from my grave.

During the course of the service, we have to pile other clothes on top of the neckling garments we already wear. There is a green apron with rick embroidery.

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Elisha says if anyone wants to leave, I do, but I am too afraid. Besides, how can I get up and leave with all these people watching me? I weep silently, tears running down my face. "Oh, you are so priv-

iled," my future mother-in-law whispers. Elisha glances at her. No talking or whispering is allowed.

The curtains on the door are drawn back and we move to the Garden of Eden Room. Two grand men stand on either side of another curtain door. Elisha forbids Adam and Eve to eat the fruit from the tree of knowledge of good and evil, then leaves. A dark-skinned Satan enters and convulses Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. After the familiar story plays out, Adam promises to obey all of God's commandments. Eve promises to obey Adam as he obeys God. We stand and repeat the law of obedience as if each of us were Adam or Eve.

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dered fig leaves, and a plumed white shoulder robe that has to be changed from left to right shoulder. The apron always has to be replaced over top of all these clothes. There are women and men patrolling the sides making sure we are dressing properly. I feel I am suffocating.

There is a heavy prayer if we reveal any of "the secrets" of the key rituals. As we receive various tokens, we raise our right hands and solemnly swear that we will not give anything away, on pain of death.

For one, we symbolically put our right thumbs under our left ears and draw them quickly across our throats. For another, we make a rapid motion across our chests. A third gesture, across our stomachs, means dishonourment.

Towards the end, we swear to the Law of Sacrifice: to give our time, talents and all we possess to the upbuilding of the Church, and other laws. In the Terrestrial Room, we learn the "true order of prayer" where the women must visit their husbands. I just stand there in awe, looking at the pictures depicting Christ's life. My future in-law pulls my veil over my face. I look around. All the women have veiled their faces with their heads lowered.

After the prayer ceremony, we are told to unveil our faces. We pass through into the final Celestial Room. Maroon line the walls, the flames of eternity.

In the changing rooms afterward, I put on a new set of underwear. It covers my shoulders, bosom and the upper part of my back, and ends at my knees. I can remove this underwear for sex or bathing; otherwise I must wear it day and night for the rest of my life.

IN 1955, I read *The Homestead* Tale by Margaret Atwood, a story about a future materialist theory that takes the Book of Genesis literally. How often in 15 years have I been in the office of the bishop—a man like Atwood's "Commander"—examining the story of my husband's treatment, and been told to "go home and do things to make him love you?"

With psychiatric help, I leave Mormonism. Three years later, I marry a moderate, supportive man. I complete an university in degree. My name is Nancy. ■

Nancy Morisy is a Providence writer living in Trois Rivières, Qué. To contact her, write to: nancy@nancy-morisy.ca



SAYING 'YES' IN THE DARKNESS

Timothy Findley bravely limned the Canadian heart

WHEN A WRITER DIES, he becomes his words. Timothy Findley, who died on June 28 at 71, left behind an extraordinary body of work. We will read his books differently now, knowing there will be no more of them.

Findley's death has special poignancy: His generation of writers changed Canadian culture forever. There was a time in the 1960s and '70s when writers and critics could be found anxiously discussing Canadian identity, asking why Canadians had an inferiority complex, and wondering about our place in the world. But authors like Robertson Davies, Michael Ondaatje, Al Purdy, Margaret Laurence and Timothy Findley—all now

gone—answered these questions simply by writing passionately about their own place, no apologies needed. Now no one says with suspicion, "You want to be a Canadian author?" Instead, young writers talk of agency and intertextual advances, confident that the world is paying attention. But only a few are left of the remarkable generation who made this possible.

There was also a time when we delighted in discussing the WASP foundations of English Canadian culture. Toronto was a banker's city, grey and dull, English Canadians were repressed. But now we recognize that the tradition of decency and fairness that defines this country is its best: we laid down from those roots. And

In the eloquent words of the author's own father, "The dead stand up and salute you."

with that tradition surfaced a group of writers who, born of it, took from its strengths and bravely created its weaknesses. Findley was one of these.

It was never easy. Findley turned 47 the year *The Wars* was published. His first two novels had been greeted lukewarmly, and he was stuck writing scripts for television and radio. His partner, Wilma Whitehead, spoke of a dark period of bitterness and pessimism. But then Findley found his subject: a young soldier from Toronto fighting in the First World War whose generation was betrayed by war. In *Inside Manity*, Peter from a Writer's Workshop, he describes how the book grew. Reading his uncle's letters from the front, looking at old photographs, seeing himself in the times, he experienced that excitement when

"one catches something that is incommunicable." It was a modest claim—how could he know he was writing a masterpiece, a book that would send a plumb line directly into the brutal heart of war. Perhaps one of the most eloquent responses to the novel came from Findley's own father: "Bill, the dead stand up and salute you."

In my strongest memory of Bill, he is standing at the podium in the auditorium of Toronto's Queen Street Mental Health Centre in 1993, and we were celebrating the launch of a book called *The City and the Asylum*. He showed the flower of his actor's training as he positioned himself in the light and willed "An extraordinary gentleness and humour played across his face. He said with an English grin: 'I am dangerous tonight because I have just been to the Cirque du Soleil.' And then he was off, a cigarette walker precariously balancing on his own words. He read from *Headhunter*, the part where Susanna Moodie, the pioneer author of *Resplendent in the Bush*, meets with the character Lash Knap in the bowels of the

'His generation of writers changed Canadian culture forever. Now no one says with stupefaction: "You want to be a Canadian author!"'

Queen Street asylum, the very building in which we sat. It was a consummate performance, but the message was stark. Findley was saying that at the end of the plague-ridden 20th century, it was obvious something had gone terribly wrong with the human psyche, since we were clearly bent on destroying ourselves.

What was his legacy but? In the long run of history, most great writers have only two or three works that last. I think Findley's will be *The Wars*, *Headhunter* and his final drama, *Shishiniki Aca*, which theatre critic Robert Cushman says may turn out to be the best play the Stratford Festival has commissioned in its 50 years.

But other readers favour *Peter from a Writer's Workshop*, *Not Wanted on the Voyage*, *Notion Last Words*. The joy in there were so many. In the last decade, his work had finally begun to reach a European audience. His reputation will grow, as it usually happens with a writer's passing.

I am now writing Findley's biography. My publisher, Iris Taylor at HarperCollins Canada, had talked first with Findley and Whitehead and said they were enthusiastic. At the time I thought that was an imagination I would like to know intimately; it is a man I could never exhaust. I had hoped for long conversations with Bill. Now my conversations with him will take place within the pages of his books. And those who wished or participated in his life will speak of its meaning.

As I begin my reading, I hold to a statement he made about *The Wars*: "Greatest things happen, but the books end up saying 'Yes'." That's what moves me about Timothy Findley despite the darkness he perceived, he always found the stars to affirm.

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THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

The site of 30 Grey Cup games is coming down

THE BLEACHERS are empty now and the entrance gates are bolted shut. There will be no more cheer leading above the red brick walls on hockey season afternoons. In fact, this summer the only noise from the site will be the sound of the wrecking ball. After more than three quarters of a century, Varsity Stadium at the University of Toronto is heading down. The site of an athletic field since 1896, the concrete structure along the edge of Bloor Street West in the heart of Toronto was built in 1924. Varsity was one of the oldest—for many decades the largest—and arguably the most historic football stadiums in Canada. A repository of some of the country's greatest sporting moments, Varsity hosted 30 Grey Cups and 21 Varsity Cups, the Canadian university football championship game.

There are non-football memories, too. In the early 1960s, Commonwealth gold medal winner Bruce Kidd and Olympic

silver medalist Bill Crothers trained and raced against the world's top runners on Varsity's cinder track. The soccer legends' final players also bared up for international exhibition matches over the years. On June 23, 1971, Brazilian soccer god Pelé played with his club team Santos against Bologna and thousands of fervent fans filled a seat for the sold-out contest, scaled the brick wall and flooded the field to get a first-hand view of their hero.

Occasionally, the stadium staged spectacular non-sporting events. On Sept. 13, 1968, a barrel of rock 'n' roll extravaganza with Chuck Berry, Jim Morrison and The Doors—and Julia Lennon (was Lennon's first girl, whose, his fellow Beatles and, despite a shaky performance, it marked the end of the Fab Four. He was going off on his own.

But it's football memories that are most cherished in the stadium's legend. "There were so many great Grey Cup moments

U of T football games (from 1965, left) drew crowds of 20,000 or more.

played out in Varsity," says Greg Fritzen, the historian for the Canadian Football League. "There was no better place to watch a game. You were so close to the players." The early Grey Cups were dominated by the game's great stars—with great nicknames. In 1921, Lionel "Big Bear" Conacher contributed 15 points as the hometown Argonauts beat the Edmonton Eskimos in the first Grey Cup professional championship. In 1938, future NHL referee Red Stacey came off the bench in the fourth quarter to score three touchdowns to lead the Argos over the Winnipeg Blue Bombers.

For Fritzen, the 1940s and 1950s were Canadian football's—and Varsity's—golden age. Take the 1948 championship, when Calgary Stampede fans invaded Toronto, riding buses in the lobby of the Royal York Hotel and during chudown games down Yonge Street. "Of course, the 1994 Grey Cup was probably the most dramatic," says Fritzen. More than 27,000 fans filled Varsity and watched Alouette quarterback Karl Lickens throw three touchdown passes for the lead, but at the end of the game Edmonton Eskimos star Willie Parker recovered Chuck Hunsberger's fumble and snatched the laugh of the field for a touchdown. The Eskimos won by a single point.

Given Varsity's limited seating capacity, the Grey Cup moved out of the stadium in 1957, although university football contests used to be played there until last fall when the building's crumbling structure necessitated permanent closure. An eyewitness to the golden age was Roy McMorrey, now Chief Justice of Ontario. In 1945, the 13-year-old McMorrey was an Argonaut water boy. "I'll never forget kneeling by the bench as the team beat the Blue Bombers to win the Cup," he recalls. From 1950 to 1953, the future prime minister had his own on-field memories in a two-way star on the U of T Black football squad. "We sold to nearly 20,000 fans," he says. "We were the same members as the Argos. It's sad the way things have changed for football—and the stadium. I remember being 15, looking up to the stands filled with thousands of people and thinking, 'Wow can it ever get better than this.'"



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An underwater photograph showing a dense kelp forest with numerous fish swimming around. The scene is dimly lit, with light filtering through the water.

TO SAVE SPECIES, YOU HAVE TO SAVE FORESTS. EVEN THE ONES UNDERWATER.

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Gwaii Haanas. These are the mystical waters of Haida Gwaii/Queen Charlotte Islands, home to giant kelp forests—ecosystems more diverse than rainforests. More than 100,000 creatures can be found in just one square metre of kelp forest. Rich in nutrients, Gwaii Haanas provides crucial feeding grounds for humpback whales, orcas, dolphins and sea lions. For eight years, World Wildlife Fund and the Haida Nation have been working to get Canada to zone these waters

as a Marine Protected Area. WWF has funded research. WWF has created a conservation plan. WWF has convinced the oil & gas industry to give up its drilling rights. Yet still, nothing has been done. When will Canada protect Gwaii Haanas? When will Canada start protecting other crucial areas on our coasts? With your help, we'll get the government to act now. Join our team. Call WWF at 1-800-26-PANDA or visit wwf.ca/marine. Let's leave our children a living planet.



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Film | BRIAN D. JOHNSON



THE TOUCHY-FEELY THUG

In an unlikely summer flick, Tom Hanks stars as a hit man with a heart of gold

IN THIS SUMMER movie season, we've seen various men in black, and boys in blue, come and go. Chris Rock, Ben Affleck and Matt Damon sign up with the CIA, Tom Cruise is rekindled in a future cop-turned-fugitive, Adam Sandler lacks Caponeque but has blue-collar hillbillies. And characters with names like candy bar—Powerpuff, Scooby Doo, Lilo & Stitch—draw kids to the concession stands. So amid all this summer sewage, and, of course, it's acceptable to run across a pervade to savor and dignified to *Road to Perdition*.

With Sam Mendes (*American Beauty*) directing Tom Hanks, Paul Newman and Jude Law, this is the son of Oscar pedigree fare usually reserved for the fall. And with its moored tone, its Depression-era palette of greys and browns, and a Mallows string of cold, pulsating rain, *Road to Perdition* feels positively seasonal. But in the thick of a July heat wave, and a Hollywood schlock war, it arrives with the biting snarl of art, even if it's not as subversive as it pretends to be.

Road to Perdition is a tale of fathers and sons. Cast in the darkest role of his career, Hanks stars as Michael Sullivan, a Capone-era gangster in an Irish mob who takes a headlong fall from grace. The gang's godfather, John Rooney (Newman), has raised him like a son, along with his own son, a sugar-happy undernourished Connor (Brendan O'Carroll). After Sullivan's eldest boy, 12-year-old Michael (Tyler Hoechlin), set against his dad and Connor murder a colleague, Sullivan and his family are marked for death by the mob. Throwing their home, father and son hit the road, where Sullivan looks back at the crime boxes by watching their cash from corrupt banks. One narrative link: Michael is riding a bicycle, the road did is teaching him to drive the gray-green car—Sullivan and Clyde. And hot on the Sullivan's trail is a psychotic assassin (Law) who doubles as a gross photographer, immortalizing his own grisly handiwork.

With flinted hair and rattling teeth, Law is a perverse treat, while Newman's daffy cunning goes down like vintage cognac. If only their roles were bigger. Hoechlin, meanwhile, has a compelling gravity, mature beyond his years. And a fine-tuned Hanks plays a good bad guy, a hit man with a heart of gold who's afraid his son will inherit his mean streak. Occasionally, as when Sullivan tries to teach the kid how to use a church, the father son romance slips into sentimental overdrive. And there's something faintly asynchronic about this '30s portrait of a corrupt gangster who could give Lily Tomlin's sensitivity training.

The director's own sensitivity is palpable in every frame. Mendes creates a picture of somber surfaces, lovingly lit by cinematographer Conrad Hall. When a bullet plucked from a wound catches in a tin bowl, glinting blood, it looks almost good enough to eat. Though far removed from the glib suburbia of *American Beauty*, this is another redemptive meditation on family and death, based on a

graphic novel, the script goes no deeper than a flesh wound. And *Road to Perdition* falls short of its destination. But it's a road to hell paved with the best music from a score done through Antonia Maury.

Brutally rated, two other alternatives to summer blockbusters and kids' stuff.

Thirteen Conversations About One Thing is a comic portrait about happiness, fate and synchronicity. Writer-director Jill Sprecher (*Clockwork*) creates narrative suspense in a time-looped ensemble piece featuring Alan Arkin as a well-worn insurance man, John Turturro as an ad-hoc producer and Matthew McConaughey as a gaily prosecutor. It's slow and stilted, but the turgid script with jeweled precision. "Life only makes sense when you look at it backward," says one character. "You had to have to live it forward." For all its non-linear innovation, the script is like an old-fashioned slice of O'Hare—the writer, not the chocolate bar.

In *Pamplona*, Christina Ricci goes blond and turns in the kind of goody-two-shoes caricature painted by Anne Hathaway. Ricci plays a sorority girl who is ostracized after falling for a sexually challenged teen. The racy satire—a slice of a prom queen and a "hetero"—shows teen movie date with adolescent sex, but it also strains credibility and taste. The cliche factor outweighs the comedy.



Hanks is as cool, multi-layered director Sam Mendes' follow-up to *American Beauty*

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ASBESTOS FALLOUT

Shareholders finally get a hearing in an epic battle

WARREN HURST is a little stooped in the shoulder now. He speaks softly and carefully and sometimes with cunning. For almost 20 years, he's been enfolded in an epic battle with the government of Quebec and, at 76, he's getting a little tired, he admits, sitting in his bright, comfortable living room. His home is a bungalow on the windward shore of the St. Lawrence River in the Thousand Islands, where Lake Ontario ends and the river begins. The long side of the house, facing south, is almost all window, and on the cool June day, the river outside is a lovely grey. Somehow, it seems to match Hurst's

steele resolve. "I wish as he angles in, he's not about to give up. Not one. 'I'd insist on carry on,' he says slowly, surely. "I'd really be letting down people who have been my supporters."

In the fall of 1977, Hurst agreed to sell 3,000 shares in Asbestos Corp. Ltd., then the second-largest asbestos mining company in Canada. It boasted a strong balance sheet and paid an attractive dividend. More importantly, Hurst knew Quebec intended to nationalize the company, which was controlled by an American conglomerate, General Dynamics Corp. The Virginia firm owned 55 per cent of the

Asbestos shares, and Hurst, rightly, expected Quebec would make a deal to buy that majority stake. Then, because it was standard practice, and because Quebec had promised early on to offer an equivalent amount to all the other shareholders, Hurst expected he'd have the option to sell in the same price. Wrong. He thought he'd make a tidy profit. Wrong again.

Even though Quebec paid General Dynamics a hefty premium to take over Asbestos Corp., the follow-up offer to sell Hurst's shares was miserably low. Within days of the announcement of the deal on Nov. 9, 1981, Asbestos shares had lost 47 per cent of their value, sliding under \$20. They would eventually go as low as \$2.25, and today trade around \$3. Little did Hurst know, when he first purchased the stock at about \$36 in 1977, that what looked like a good business story would

turn into a never-ending saga—canonized not only with his interests as a minority shareholder, but with Quebec's history struggle for greater autonomy.

Last month, the Quebec securities commission heard Hurst's case, or more accurately, the case of the Committee for Equal Treatment of Asbestos Minority Shareholders, of which Hurst is the co-chairman and driving force. Amazingly, it was the first time the essence of the struggle—whether Quebec should pay the minority shareholders the same sum received by the American owner—has been addressed. A political hot potato, this is the longest-running dispute, ever, over securities law in Canada. If Hurst's side wins, it could mean a windfall of up to \$300 million for the minority shareholders, according to their estimates.

The case has rumbled through the regulatory and legal systems of both Quebec and Ontario and has even gone up, twice, to the Supreme Court of Canada. In 1986, the Quebec securities commission refused to hear it, maintaining that the govern-

ment, as the Crown, had monopoly. The Ontario Securities Commission, on the other hand, agreed to hear it and even said in its 1994 decision that Quebec's actions were "abusive" and "manifestly unfair" to the minority shareholders. But a very nearly sidestepped the suit—and, in the year before the Quebec referendum, avoided the hugely sensitive option of tapping its neighbor's finances by agreeing with Quebec's lawyers that the province hadn't been "abusive of the integrity of the Ontario capital markets." The upshot Ontario's commission had no jurisdiction. Last year, the Supreme Court agreed with the OSC, crushingly for Hurst, that the regulator was the wrong body to go after Quebec for co-optation. (When the case previously reached the Supreme Court, in another appeal over jurisdiction in 1993, the justices refused to hear it.)

Now Hurst has another chance, at the Quebec securities commission. Last month, he gently sat through a day-and-a-half-long presentation by his opponent's lawyers. André Blanchet, the lead counsel, calmly and methodically worked his way through four big binders of contracts, announcements, company memos and previous decisions of the various legal and regulatory bodies, to tell the story of what he called "the equivalent of civil fraud." Blanchet's voice remained steady throughout, but, as he reached for yet another document, he had to swallow his

tears. "I object forcefully," he said. "My client

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tears. "I object forcefully," he said. "My client



Hard, at home in Charlevoix that, is determined to get financial justice

were robbed," Lachapelle responded. "The pending, contentious, after whispering with his fellow legislators, told him to use more suitable language. Lachapelle finished by telling the panel the acts of the Quebec government soured him of his nation and his grandfather's true name came. "The government used the value of my client's shares risk away," he said. "And they didn't wish consent."

ASBESTOS HAS DRIP connected in Quebec since 2017, when Canada's first commercial asbestos mine opened in Thérèse Mines. Within a few decades, three major areas were clustered in the Eastern Townships—including the town called Asbestos. But what really put the region on the map was the infamous strike of 1993. In February of this year, protesting asbestos conditions, 3,000 workers set down their tools at three mining companies. The battle was as much against the province's Duplessis regime, and its anti-labour laws, as it was against the corporate houses. Both were brought in to work the mines. Clashes between strikers and the police turned violent. The then-powerful Catholic church, some risking their ecclesiastical careers, sided with the miners. And

the strike gave some of Canada's leading politicians and labour leaders their first big taste of political battle, including Pierre Trudeau, and his two fellow war ministers, Jean Marchand and Gérard Pelletier. After four months on the picket lines, the workers gained little—only a small salary increase, and not even an agreement to eliminate asbestos dust in the mines. But Trudeau later wrote that the strike was a crucial moment in Quebec's history, marking the end of the traditional authoritarian, rural and Catholic French-Canadian world.

Not quite three decades later, the PQ again saw the industry as an instrument of social change. But the nationalization occurred when the disastrous health dangers of asbestos, both to miners and to consumers, had become increasingly apparent—and just as the business began to fall out of the market. In 1992, the government finally got out, selling its Asbestos Corp. holdings. Some argue that the poor asbestos market was the reason for the drop in share price. But not Hans Forbes, the government could have responded to the collapsing market like other com-

panies of asbestos companies, and had off employees. "People who held minority shares in Asbestos Corp. had a share in a welfare agency," he says briefly. "Today, there's nothing left in the value of the share, other than our effort."

If that effort succeeds, among those who would split the potential nine-figure proceeds are some major stock market players, including, intriguingly, the Caisse de dépôt. Through the years, the Caisse has always refused comment on its holdings of Asbestos Corp., but it is believed to hold 200,000 shares worth, potentially, \$68 million.

BOUTIQUE, the Crown corporation's lawyer in this case, is reluctant to talk publicly before his day in front of the commissioners, due in September. Still, he couldn't resist dropping a clue as to the line of defence he's going to take. "I've written this on my notepad," he said. "How do you translate into proper English, La belle?"

Hans does the strategy of his opponents to wait him out. In 1994, lawyers for the Quebec government machinists sent the plaintiffs a memo that said Quebec's strategy was to never be proven, or down the fish, an expression that means to wait until someone dies.

Hans insists he's not in the battle for the money, which could amount to as much as \$2.6 billion for the 18,000 shares he now holds, acquired at different times and varying prices. "It's far for the principle," he says. Hans offers that he's worried about his age—"I'm 29 years older than where we started"—and admits with a nervous laugh that his "senior moments" seem to be more frequent.

Hans has reason to be concerned. Unless Quebec makes the unexpected move of offering to settle, the case is likely to continue to drag on. If the regulator sides with the minority shareholders, it would forward the case to a court that would have the power to order Quebec to pay up. But if history provides any lessons, the upcoming ruling by the securities commission will likely be appealed, regardless of who wins. The legal documents will pile ever higher, like the tollings of an asbestos mine. And for many, like Fredricka Rose, may also face many other asbestos controversies.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE HARRIS

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SANTA FE SPRING, CALIF. (AP)—A 1970s-era car was found in a desert area near the border of California and Mexico, and authorities say it may be the vehicle in which a man was shot and killed in 1976.



Theatre | Continuing with the Follows family tradition

Scotlight floods into the rehearsal studio of Toronto's Elgin Theatre from a narrow window as Dora Greenblatt finds her mark on a small white strip of tape. The celebrated matriarch of the Follows acting family glances at her script while another cast member—the 10-year-old granddaughter, Lynn, who plays the role of Dora as a child—prounounces in tone with the genre. The scene is part of the family's own *Greenblatt*, Oct. 6 production. The *Greenblatt* play celebrates the three previous *Stewart* *Boys in the Dress*, 68, her ex-husband, Ed, 73, and Anahy Lockhart, 75. As Dora arrives into her part, a subtle anxiety grips even her gravely voice as she describes her first theatre experience and how she got her start 59 years ago calculating in a Japanese POW camp.

It's a tough, emotional moment. Son Lawrence, 38, the director, crouches as one knee, a few metres in front of her and was previously before inspecting. *Edwina Follows*, Dora's 41-year-old daughter and the playwright, sits nearby at a long table and adjusts her doggy garden hat. Other daughter Megan-Lydia Simon

meets, best known for her lead role in *After the Sunset*—watches from near the door. Dad, also at the cast, has been desired to fill his father's gap. Lawrence calls for the music to stop and Dora exclaims in joy. "The burn in the business for 50 years and I'm being told what to do by my child!"

The *Stewart* *Boys in the Dress* was the first professional summer stock company in Canada. From 1948 to 1955, they performed 62 different productions at the Greenblatt House in Ontario's coastal country. This story as much family history as an integral part of Canada's theatrical development, appealed to Lawrence, who pitched the idea for the *Greenblatt* and then convinced the others to participate (the only missing sibling is Suzanne, an L.A. based actress). And though all except Lynn are professionals in the field, working with family can still give some challenges—your boss is also your mother. "You can be more harsh but more compassionate," he adds. "A lot more trusting, a lot more patient."

MICHAEL SIBERS

Review | The evil men do

Like Peter Pan, high as his heels, the *Boys in the Dress* of Scotlight Floods into the rehearsal studio of Toronto's Elgin Theatre from a narrow window as Dora Greenblatt finds her mark on a small white strip of tape. The celebrated matriarch of the Follows acting family glances at her script while another cast member—the 10-year-old granddaughter, Lynn, who plays the role of Dora as a child—prounounces in tone with the genre. The scene is part of the family's own *Greenblatt*, Oct. 6 production. The *Greenblatt* play celebrates the three previous *Stewart* *Boys in the Dress*, 68, her ex-husband, Ed, 73, and Anahy Lockhart, 75. As Dora arrives into her part, a subtle anxiety grips even her gravely voice as she describes her first theatre experience and how she got her start 59 years ago calculating in a Japanese POW camp.

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MICHAEL SIBERS

TO THOSE WHO PLAYED OR ATTEMPTED TO PLAY A McDONALD'S GAME

NOTICE OF PROPOSED SETTLEMENT, CLASS CERTIFICATION, AND HEARING TO THE FOLLOWING CLASS: All persons who, from January 1, 1979, through December 31, 2001, participated in, or obtained or attempted to obtain an official game piece, stamp or card in any game of chance, or chance and skill, whereby prizes were to be distributed among participants through the use of game pieces, stamps, cards, random drawings or random selection sponsored by McDonald's or any McDonald's restaurants in the U.S., Canada, Puerto Rico, Guam, U.S. Virgin Islands, Azores, Jamaica, Bahamas, Curacao, Bonaire, St. Maarten, Suriname, and Trinidad ("Oleway Territory") other than those who were employed by or agents of Simon Marketing or McDonald's.

Plaintiffs in a case pending in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, individually and on behalf of the Class, have sued Simon Marketing, Inc. and McDonald's Corporation ("Defendants") relating to the embroilment of winning prizes from McDonald's games. The suit alleges unjust enrichment and violations of consumer fraud laws of all 51 states. McDonald's has agreed to a settlement. In doing so, McDonald's continues to vigorously deny that it violated any law. Your rights may be affected by the settlement. The Honorable Stephen A. Schiller ("Court") has preliminarily approved the settlement and scheduled a Final Fairness Hearing ("Hearing"). The Court has appointed plaintiffs in Boland et al. v. Simon Marketing, Inc. and McDonald's, case no. 01CH13803 as Class representatives and Ben Simon, Alan D. Robinson, and Steven G. Schuman as Plaintiffs' Lead Counsel ("Class Counsel"). Plaintiffs and Class Counsel believe the settlement confers substantial benefits upon the Class and that it is fair, adequate, reasonable and in the best interest of the Class.

THE RELEASE TO BE GIVEN TO DEFENDANTS IN THE SETTLEMENT IS BROAD AND WILL RELEASE OTHER CLAIMS UNDER FEDERAL AND STATE LAW WHICH YOU MAY HAVE AGAINST DEFENDANTS. IF YOU BELIEVE YOU HAVE OTHER CLAIMS, YOU SHOULD CAREFULLY CONSIDER WHETHER YOU WISH TO REMAIN A MEMBER OF THE CLASS, OR WHETHER YOU SHOULD EXCLUDE YOURSELF FROM THE CLASS.

Under the terms of the settlement, McDonald's has agreed to (1) run a prize giveaway in which fifteen \$1 million prizes (twenty annual \$50,000 payments) will be randomly awarded to persons in attendance at McDonald's restaurants in the Oleway Territory with no purchase necessary; (2) expend not less than \$2 million to public notice of the settlement and administer the giveaway; (3) pay legal fees and expenses awarded by the Court; Class Counsel will seek no more than \$3 million; and (4) permit Class Counsel to seek approval to pay incentive awards to Class representatives (\$1,000) and certain named plaintiffs (\$500).

If you agree with the settlement and wish to participate, you need do nothing. You have a right to exclude yourself from the Class, or to object to the terms of the proposed settlement. Requests for exclusion and/or objections must be in writing and signed by you personally, or by your legal representative or counsel, in accordance with these procedures. **(A) If you choose to exclude yourself, your request for exclusion must state:** (1) your name and address, and (2) if you can, to the best of your recollection, the name(s) of the McDonald's game(s) you played and the approximate date(s) and city(ies) of your participation. Your request must be sent by mail to P.O. Box 3029, Oak Brook, IL 60059-3029 and postmarked no later than August 28, 2002, and **(B) If you choose to object, you must:** (1) submit documentary proof or affidavit that you are a member of the Class; (2) state the basis for your objection(s); (3) if you choose to appear at the Hearing, file a written notice of your intention to appear with the Clerk of the Court, Circuit Court of Cook County, 38th Floor, Richard J. Daley Center, Chicago, Illinois 60602 by August 28, 2002; and (4) serve copies of the foregoing papers by the same date to the following: Ben Simon, Esq., Simon and Associates, P.C., One N. LaSalle Street, Suite 4600, Chicago, IL 60602; and David J. Doyle, Esq., Winston & Strawn, 35 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

If you timely exclude yourself from the Class, you will not be bound by the settlement, nor will you be eligible to win any of the \$1 million prizes in the giveaway. If you remain a member of the Class and there is final approval of the Class settlement, you will be bound by its terms and you will have fully and finally released McDonald's Corporation, its McDonald's franchisees, Simon Marketing Inc., Simon Worldwide, Inc. and each of their officers, employees, agents, related entities and vendors from all claims based upon related to or arising out of, during the period of 1/1/79 to 12/31/01: (1) the theft, conversion, misappropriation, sending, dissemination, redemption or non-redemption of a winning prize or winning game piece in any McDonald's game; (2) any advertisement, publication, representation, statement, assertion or omission directly pertaining to any McDonald's game; (3) the administration, execution or operation of any McDonald's game; and (4) the \$10 million Instant Giveaway by McDonald's over Labor Day weekend of 2001. All persons who do not timely exclude themselves from this Class will be precluded from instituting or continuing to pursue other lawsuits against Defendants if this settlement is approved. For a copy of the notice containing more information regarding claims to be released, log on to www.classsettlement.com or send a request with your address to P.O. Box 3029, Oak Brook, IL 60059-3029.

The Hearing has been scheduled for September 17, 2002 at 2:00 p.m. in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Richard J. Daley Center, Chicago, Illinois, Room 2402, before the Court to determine whether the proposed settlement should be finally approved as fair, reasonable, and adequate, to hear and rule upon objections, if any, and to determine whether and in what amount legal fees and expenses should be awarded. The terms of the settlement are set forth in detail in the parties' Settlement Agreement, which is available at www.classsettlement.com or at the office of the Clerk of the Court, Circuit Court of Cook County, 38th Floor, Richard J. Daley Center, Chicago, Illinois 60602. By Order of the Honorable Stephen A. Schiller, Judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, County Department, Chancery Division.



People | Dating Molly Parker

At last month's L.A. Film Festival, *Masterminds* Mark Bossmann and Steven Clark showed their debut film, *Looking for Leonard*—which was produced by Molly Parker, who also has a supporting role. The Jim Jarmusch-style crucifixion story (with a lead character who reads Leonard Cohen novels without breaking the law) was the only Canadian film in the festival and it was getting good buzz—for a variety of reasons. When the two *Masterminds* got up for a Q&A after the screening, the first question was, “What is the genesis of Molly Parker’s involvement?” Did she come to you?” Bossmann answered, “We went to her.” The questioner probed further: “Yeah, but how did you get her? Why did she take an executive producer credit?” Bossmann smiled uncomfortably and finally said, “Well, I kind of go out with her.”

Truth be known, the two were then “kindof” going out. “We’ve been together for six years,” says Parker, 30. “I met him two days before *Leonard* premiered and we fell in love quickly.” As a producer and proud girlfriend, Parker knows every facet of Bossmann’s film—which he wrote and directed with his childhood friend, Clark—and gave everything she could. “I paid for a lot of it and found money from other people,” she says. “And I would pick up actors and crew in the morning and drive them to work. I’d get people coffee.” New Parker gushes about the final product, praising out the although it involves robbery and a murder, the violence handled creatively and not gratuitously. “And,” she says, “I know that it’s not cynical—especially coming at a time when everything is so intellectual and cynical. I’m tired of that.”

Executive producer, director, coffee get—she’ll do anything to support her man.

The Vancouver actress has been living in L.A. for a year and a half and was treated like royalty at the small festival, thanks in part to her recent Independent Spirit Award nomination for *Center of the World* and her role as a rabbi on the popular TV show, *52 Pick Up*. Order Next, she’ll play John Canada’s wife in *Max*, a movie about two artists—Hitler and a Jewish art dealer (Cassidy)—in Munich at the end of the First World War. But nothing seems as gratifying to her as her small role in *Looking for Leonard*, which will be released in October. “I love the character that I play. She’s such a geek,” says Parker. “It takes the person that knows me the best in the world to write this character for me.” **MAURA DEGEN**

Books | One man’s meat

“I have long been interested in disgusting things,” writes retired English professor Robert Weiskopf about his new, newly charming introduction to the world’s true disgusting disgust: University of Alberta Press. His book, however, is far from a mere collection of disgusting attempts to capture the disgust response: one of the most quotable of human reactions. Even a superficial skimming across cultures or through actual literature—let alone through Weiskopf’s personal experiences, which he shares with a freedom that may well disgust some readers—shows that looking at “distasteful” repulsive. What disgusts is never static, but changes from culture to culture and over time within a single society (Compare the contemporary acceptance of public breast feeding to the reaction of 20-year-olds).



And eventually we cannot help ourselves change, from disgust to acceptance, and even acceptance. The history of disgust, Weiskopf argues, can be as revealing as the history of human characteristics.

BESTSELLERS

Fiction

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1. <i>SHIVERS</i> (Neil Gaiman) (D) | 2 |
| 2. <i>SMOKE MATTERS</i> (James M. Cain) (D) | 2 |
| 3. <i>THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES</i> (Peter D) | 2 |
| 4. <i>THE HARRY POTTER</i> (J.K. Rowling) (D) | 6 |
| 5. <i>CLASH OF KINGS</i> (Richard D) | 6 |
| 6. <i>THE LAMP OF DOOM</i> (Stephen D) | 11 |
| 7. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 8. <i>THE LAST OF THE SUMMER</i> (D) | 2 |
| 9. <i>THE LAST OF THE SUMMER</i> (D) | 2 |
| 10. <i>THE LAST OF THE SUMMER</i> (D) | 2 |

Nonfiction

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 2. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 3. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 4. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 5. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 6. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 7. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 8. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 9. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |
| 10. <i>THE WIND OF TIME</i> (Michael D) | 2 |

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SPARE ME THE SYMPATHY

Sorry to disappoint, but this 'oppressed' anglo in Quebec City loves his life there

THE SYMPATHY STARTS in the eyes, a look that tends to share my pain. Then the jaw tightens, as the person sits back or herself to listen to the horror stories I am surely about to relate. They have read about these things in newspapers and magazines, and can scarcely believe that such an intolerable situation could exist in Canada. The person has just learned that I live in the most racist, aggressive part of the province—the province of Quebec.

I've long wondered how Quebec came by this reputation. Yes, the province has frequently been the theatre of anti-Semitism, always directed at its spiritual ace and diminishing more. Then there was *Fronte*, Yvon's Official Language Act, which may be the most required every one from British Columbia to Newfoundland to start crying, hoping, while others were crying that civil boxes were required to carry French text.

The biggest issue of bilingual, though, arose with Quebec's adoption of Bill 101, the law designed to protect French language and culture. Among other things, it declared French the province's only official language, denied parents choice over the language of their children's schooling, ordered companies of a certain size to run dual business in French, and made it illegal to put up signs saying MILK.

So the word went out: Quebec was oppressing anglophones and allophones. Commentators and political activists within the province rushed to business this perception. Things came to a head with Montreal writer's amazing 1992 polemic *Oh Canada! Oh Quebec! Requiem for a Divided Country*, which contained the vision of Quebec as racist and oppressive. A rich and thought-provoking book, it was also deeply unfair, characterized by limited scope. It failed to acknowledge that the Quebec described in the book no longer existed. So deep was the outrage among francophone Quebecers that I once heard an intelligent, well-read woman with an

possible feminist credentials describe Rabinowitz as being anti-Quebec—*in itself an unfair judgment*.

The view that the book was deeply flawed didn't reach readers in the rest of the country, as it continues to shape a skewed vision of the province. The media have done little to dispel that. One magazine told us that Quebec City had gone all of its race-averse Jewish population through an act of non-violent ethnic cleansing. An editor once asked me for a piece on Quebec City—he'd heard there was some anglo-bashing going on. Told there was no such thing, he lost interest. Certain pieces contained a litany of job-related "language police" wrong-terming sessions, English-speaking merchants into crying out.

I wouldn't go so far as to say there's a conspiracy to disseminate a negative view of Quebec, but it sometimes feels this way in much of media reporting. I barely recognize the province I chose to live in. Colourful caricatures from book stores, people who send their racist letters like a



poorly gardener fertilizing dandelions, hug the corners and corners.

So what's life like for an anglophone just in the province of Quebec but in Quebec City, which is far more francophone than Montreal? This anglophone, of a colour darker than most of his neighbours, can report that life is pretty good. Contact with people of all political persuasions is easy and friendly. Seven years in Montreal and so on Quebec City have revealed not the slightest hint of racism. As a novelist who writes in English and whose books are available in French translation, I have found myself embraced by the literary, artistic and university communities, including those who know my politics to be different from theirs.

Am I oppressed? Under the terms of language legislation, because I'm a naturalized Canadian (and not an anglophone born and raised in Canada), I'm not allowed to choose the language of my daughter's schooling, the most, by law, be educated in French. Francophone parents, too, are subject to this limit, and don't have the ability, as I do, to ensure that their kids learn English at home. So my daughter attends French school—not because the law tells me she must, but because, her mother being francophone, French language and culture form half of her heritage. That's the personal reason. She also attends French school because of the cause of preserving the French character of Quebec strikes me as an honourable one, vital not just for Quebecers but for all Canadians. To this end, and despite the occasional folly committed by the Office de la langue française, Bill 101 is essential.

That's why, when my interlocutors also where offer me sympathy and anticipate tales of racism and oppression, I am quick to disavow them. Media reality is not the same in personal reality. It saddens and frustrates me that, when I recount the pleasures of life for an anglophone in Quebec, the eyes go wary and the hard word begins to appear. They've been told life here is otherwise—and how much easier it is to hold on to received stereotypes than to admit that, perhaps, things are more complex than they seem.

Author Neil Rabinowitz's latest book is the novel *Along the River's Edge* (McClelland & Co.).

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